

THE LIVING AGE.

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DAWN.

The moon had long since sunk behind
the mists;
The guns had ceased awhile their
weary thunder;
And all war's foulest vapors seemed to
rise
In silent protest to the peaceful skies
Gazing in wonder.
Silently, his sheaves on either hand,
Death walked in No Man's Land.

Grimly he gazed on each, and carefully
Counted his harvest as it ripened there,
Many in tranquil pose, as if they
slept;
While Mother Earth o'er each her
dew had wept,
Moistening their hair.
And by each side a rusty bayonet lay,
Pointing the way.

Thus he came; and ever and anon
Lingered o'er something precious lying
numbly,—
Some sodden shapeless thing, which
to the sky
Mutely displayed its mangled agony,—
Pleading humbly.
For this,—which human eyes might
shrink to scan,—
Had been a man.

A drowsy sentry saw him as he passed,
Challenged:—and receiving no reply,
Fired at the darkness;—but the bullet
found

Only the mist—whereout there came a
sound
Of laughing mockery.
And from the east the morning's icy
breath
Whispered of death.

A sudden star-shell leaped toward the
sky,
Where high and searchingly its fiery
head
Reigned in brief tyranny and with
its spell
Froze the black earth—till falteringly
it fell
Among the dead,—

On either side a coldly staring eye
Watching it die.

Wearily the sun climbed to his post
To watch the struggling world as on
it rolls
Dripping with blood from youth's
best vintage pressed,
And ceaselessly from out its heaving
breast
Breathing souls. . . .
Up out from yonder where the dead
repose
A lark arose. . . .

P. S. M.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE EVERLASTING HONOR.

Day had not yet dawned. All was still
in the olive glade,
"Arise." But under a flare He saw
the traitor and knew him,
Then advanced with a smile so sad
they halted almost afraid . . .
So went to the kiss that betrayed,
into the hands that slew Him.

Give glory to Him! To all Heroes
present and gone,
Glory to all who choose and endure
their so difficult doom,
Glory to all who ere dawn go out
broken-hearted, alone,
With never a curse or a groan to
suffer for Man-to-come!

Robert Nichols.

The New Witness.

IN FRANCE.

The silence of maternal hills
Is round me in my evening dreams;
And round me music-making bills
And mingling waves of pastoral
streams.

Whatever way I turn I find
The path is old unto me still.
The hills of home are in my mind,
And there I wander as I will.

Francis Ledwidge.

The Spectator.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT.

If almost the latest in point of time, President Wilson is the most surprising as well as the most valuable discovery of the Allies. It is hardly an excess of language to say that he is one of the wonders of the War. He has accomplished that which in its way is among the most amazing feats of all history. To put it colloquially, he has swung into line with himself a free people of a hundred millions, the vast majority of whom not only were thoroughly pacific at heart but sincerely thought that their country had no special interest in, far less any vital concern with, the struggle, however much it was convulsing the rest of the world. It took him six months to bring about this prodigious result—not a long period when everything is considered. Events which occurred during these months have doubtless helped him materially, but previous events, not very dissimilar in their nature, had made no strong impression on the mass of American opinion. At the outset it might well have seemed an impossible undertaking. Germany was confident that it was impossible. More than that, she was certain, with that deadly infallibility of hers with respect to men and nations outside the Germanic pale which is one of the things working her ruin, that he would not fight at all. What he had said and done, or left unsaid and undone, in the earlier stages of the War had given Count Bernstorff, her Ambassador at Washington, that conviction, and she herself, counting besides on the Germans and pro-Germans and other factors in her favor in the United States, was of the same mind. For about two years and a half nothing took place seriously to disturb her in that comfortable belief. The feelings of pain and indignation evoked

throughout America by the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, in itself as sinister an incident as could be imagined, did not lead the President to take belligerent action. Even when a year later, in his Note of April 1916, after the sinking of the *Sussex*, he went so far as to threaten a rupture of relations, and Germany yielded to his demand for a restriction of submarine warfare, she was in reality as sure as ever that she had read him aright, and accordingly busied herself intensely in building fleets of U-boats—the lack of a sufficient number of which had been the true reason for her compliance. Not that she neglected to take such steps as appeared to her likely to assist him in keeping the path of peace. For example, immediately after the publication of the *Sussex* Note myriads of telegrams arrived at Washington, as many as a hundred thousand messages being received in a single day, all protesting against war, and all of them, it subsequently came out, inspired by Count Bernstorff and his friends. This was only one of the numerous German plots and intrigues of which the United States had been and was then the field, and some at least of which must have been within Mr. Wilson's cognizance—as Germany knew perfectly, and was confirmed thereby in her conviction that he was not and never would be a fighter. She was to be undeceived, but for several months longer her belief in the unalterable character of the President's devotion to peace could not be said to be other than justified by the course which he adopted.

President Wilson took the stage as the protagonist of peace. In May 1916 he spoke in North Carolina in favor of a negotiated settlement of the War. Later, in the same month, at a

meeting of the League to Enforce Peace, he strongly urged a compromise on the belligerents. He said that the United States was willing to become a partner in any feasible association of the nations, and argued that had such an association existed soon enough the War would never have broken out. The idea of the League, which had been developed by ex-President Taft, had found some support in certain quarters in England, but obtained remarkably little encouragement in the country of its origin. Neither in the United States, which as a whole was still profoundly indifferent about the War, because still profoundly ignorant of the menace to itself that was implicit in it, nor among the Allied peoples, who realized the menace to themselves, and wondered why Americans did not grasp the situation, was there any response worth mentioning to Mr. Wilson's proposals. In any case all such suggestions were quickly lost sight of in the turmoil and excitement of the Presidential election campaign, which started in July 1916. The conflict between the Democrats and the Republicans was of infinitely more absorbing interest than the War, which, however, reacted on the political position. Led by Mr. Wilson, who was standing for re-election, the Democrats, with few exceptions, were for peace almost at any price so far as America was concerned, and passionately asserted that the War was Europe's affair, not America's. Mr. Hughes, the Republican candidate, preserved a discreet reticence, but Mr. Roosevelt, one of his principal lieutenants, vigorously denounced the Germans, and pretty plainly indicated that if his party came into power, and he had anything to do with the influencing of its policy, there would be a marked alteration in the attitude of the United States towards the Central

Powers. The Republicans as a party were not exactly identified with an attitude of belligerency, for others of their leaders besides Mr. Hughes maintained a diplomatic reserve, but popularly they were credited with views and aims that might involve the country in the War. On the other hand, Mr. Wilson and the Democrats were definitely regarded as the peace party, as unchangeably determined to keep out of the War. Very many Americans, especially in the West and in the South—the East was largely pro-Entente—supported Mr. Wilson's candidature on the specific ground that he had kept the United States at peace—and would continue to do so, as they were assured by fervent Democratic orators would be the case. Mr. Wilson's platform rather was that there was nothing in the War, once the submarining was restricted, that necessarily involved America.

At this time the comparative inactivity of the U-boats and the immunity of American vessels from their attacks could be and were adduced as proofs both of Mr. Wilson's wise statesmanship and of the friendship of Germany or, at any rate, of the absence of hostility on her part towards the United States. There would seem to have been no suspicion that the lull in the warfare of the submarines was a screen under cover of which these undersea vessels were being built in very large numbers—with intentions that were anything but amicable with regard to the Americans. In a speech delivered nearly a year afterwards Mr. Lansing, the Secretary of State, practically admitted that this was the fact. Yet in July and again in October of last year the Government and people of the United States saw two strange things happen on their Atlantic coast which might have given them an inkling of what was designed.

The first was the arrival at Norfolk, Virginia, of the ocean-going submarine *Deutschland*, a U-boat of a new type; she was unarmed, and had a valuable if small cargo; perhaps innocent-looking enough, her real function was to act as a supply-ship, a depot, for the fighting submarines. The second of these strange things was the havoc wrought by the new ocean-going U 53 off the shores of New England on the 7th of October. Here were two indications—these large new submarines—of that intensification of the under-sea war that was purposed by Germany. Moreover, the coming of the *Deutschland* informed the Americans that their littoral could easily be reached by the U-boats, and the depredations of U 53 emphatically pointed the moral that the United States would do well to keep out of the War. Republican "stalwarts" like Mr. Roosevelt found a fresh text for their denunciations of the German menace which, they declared, was now brought home to the national consciousness, but the Democratic leaders remained stubbornly pacific.

In that month of October Mr. Wilson, in the course of the electoral campaign, showed by his speeches that he had no belief in the reality of that menace, and that he still had not grasped the essential meaning of the War. Speaking at Omaha he said "The singularity of the present war is that its roots and origins and object never have been disclosed. . . . It will take the long inquiry of history to explain this war." In an address delivered at Cincinnati three weeks later, when the political contest was at its height, he asked his audience "Have you ever heard what started the present war?" And he answered his query by stating "If you have, I wish you would publish it, because nobody else has, so far as I can gather. Nothing in particular started it. but

everything in general." Needless to say, President Wilson does not use such language now, but the point is that it was just such language as this that procured for him his second term. He was re-elected as a Peace President, with in effect a mandate to keep out of the War. It is only when this is understood that the magnitude of what the writer has characterized as President Wilson's Greatest Achievement can be realized. By his own words, his attitude, and his deeds or the want of them, he had made that achievement supremely difficult, yet he has succeeded in it—and succeeded magnificently. A splendid convert heads America.

Persons close to the President have intimated that he was always "pro-Ally," but the facts cannot be said to bear out this statement. To those already mentioned there has to be added another fact which is of the utmost significance in this connection—it was hinted at a few lines above in the phrase "deeds or the want of them." When by the joint resolution of Congress in April last the United States declared war on Germany it was not at all prepared for hostilities on a large scale, and was but ill-prepared for war even in a small way. That this was so must be put down very largely to President Wilson. In the *Sussex* Note he threatened Germany, but at the time and for months afterwards he took no military measures with a view to provide for the eventualities that might arise from carrying out that threat, as he believed he would never be called on to do anything of the kind. He was warned by the stalwarts that his belief might prove to be erroneous, and he was urged to be ready. He was reminded that weakness invited attack, and that even for self-defense the United States was in a lamentably poor position. Before this there had sprung up in America a strong movement for

"national preparedness," the chief advocate and exponent of which was an organization called the National Security League, with not a few eminent men among its members. Taking as its rallying cry the statement that the country was in danger, the League strove with the utmost energy and earnestness to rouse the citizens of the United States to a sense of the dire possibilities of the situation. It pleaded with all its might for the immediate institution of universal military training as the only adequate remedy for the defenselessness of the Republic. It sent out eloquent speakers, it published convincing books and pamphlets, it inserted striking advertisements in the papers, it made excellent use of film-pictures. It did everything that could be done to influence the public, but the result in general was disproportionately small to the greatness of the effort essayed. Mr. Wilson did not give the movement his blessing, and the bulk of the population would have nothing to do with it. Yet it was not altogether a failure, for out of the "industrial preparedness" side of its campaign came the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, which during the past seven or eight months has mobilized the industrial and commercial resources of the Union in the most marvelous manner.

After the *Sussex* Note, which in the retrospect stands out as crucial, President Wilson did little or nothing—practically nothing—to put the United States on a war footing. In Congress, during the summer of 1916, provision was made for a small increase of the regular army by five annual instalments. But the army, after deducting from it the troops which garrisoned the Philippines, Panama, Hawaii, and Porto Rico and were on duty in China, was still around the 100,000-men mark, which for several years had been

the standard of its strength in America. From the German point of view this army, so far as size went, was even more "contemptible" than that of Great Britain in 1914. The American second-line troops, consisting of the National Guard, which was the organized militia of the various States of the Union, comprised about 150,000 men, two thirds of whom, it was estimated, could be placed in the field at a pinch. No steps were taken to increase the effectiveness of this force. With regard to the navy the story, if somewhat different, amounted in practice to the same thing. After suffering from some years of stagnation, the navy had been enlarged by the building of two capital ships a year. In 1916 Mr. Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, obtained the authorization of Congress for a very large expansion of the Fleet, the money voted being nearly sixty-five millions sterling, or more than double the sum appropriated in the previous year. The program, which included the construction of ten first-class battleships of the largest size, sixteen cruisers, and many submarines and destroyers, was necessarily spread over a long period, and in 1917, when the United States went to war, there had not been time for any part of it to have materialized. Furthermore, the presence of so many very large ships in the program was in itself an indication, having regard to the stationary position of similar ships of the belligerents in European waters, that Germany could not be aimed at by the United States, for what was wanted in case of a war against her was a multitude of small but swift craft, such as destroyers and the "submarine-chasers," which afterwards were built by the Americans. President Wilson was ultimately responsible for the naval expansion program, and it was as easy for his countrymen to see from

it, as from his speeches, that his thoughts were centered on peace. An organization called the Council of National Defense, and consisting of the Secretaries of War, of the Navy, of the Interior, of Agriculture, of Commerce, and of Labor, was given a legal status by Congress in August 1916, and the same Act instituted an Advisory Commission to work with but under the Council. The formation of these bodies proved of incalculable importance in the mobilization of the United States, but six months passed before either body did anything. In their political origin they were nothing more than a diplomatic concession, at once sonorous and empty, to the stalwarts and the movement for national preparedness.

After Mr. Wilson was re-elected he continued to appear as a strenuous advocate of peace. In December 1916 Germany began her first considerable "peace offensive," as it is very properly described, by the famous speech of von Bethmann-Hollweg, then her Chancellor, suggesting a settlement. On the 20th of that month President Wilson invited the belligerents to say on what terms they would make peace. One of the paragraphs of the Note he addressed to the warring nations attracted particular notice and some unfavorable comment among the Allies; inferentially it demonstrated that he was still a disbeliever in the German menace to his own country. It stated:

The President takes the liberty of calling attention to the fact that the objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this War are virtually the same, as stated in general terms to their own people and to the world. Each side desires to make the rights and privileges of weak peoples and small States as secure against aggression or denial in the future as the

rights and privileges of the great and powerful States now at war. Each wishes itself to be made secure in the future, along with all other nations and peoples, against the recurrence of wars like this, and against aggression or selfish interference of any kind.

This presentation of the case had some good effects. Germany, asked to come out into the open with her terms, declined to do so, whereas the Allies, after consulting together, boldly outlined theirs in a Note handed on the 10th of January 1917 by the French Prime Minister to the American Ambassador at Paris. The Note was sent to the British Ambassador at Washington with a covering letter from Mr. Balfour, who shortly before had become Secretary for Foreign Affairs. A really great and illuminating State paper, Mr. Balfour's dispatch, after paying tribute to the President's ideals, drove to the heart of the whole War by considering the main conditions which had made possible the calamities from which the world was suffering:

These were the existence of a Great Power consumed with the lust of domination, in the midst of a community of nations ill-prepared for defense, plentifully supplied indeed with international laws, but with no machinery for enforcing them, and weakened by the fact that neither the boundaries of the various States nor their internal constitution harmonized with the aspirations of their constituent races, or secured to them just and equal treatment. . . . While other nations, notably the United States and Great Britain, were striving by treaties of arbitration to make sure that no chance quarrel should mar the peace they desired to make perpetual, Germany stood aloof. Her historians and philosophers preached the splendors of war; power was proclaimed as the true end of the State; The General Staff forged with untiring industry the weapons by which, at

the appointed hour, power might be achieved. . . . Germany and Austria made the present War inevitable by attacking the rights of one small State, and they gained their initial triumphs by violating the treaty-guarded territories of another.

Mr. Balfour's letter, when given to the public, made an impression on many Americans, but apparently it made none on the President. On the 22d of January 1917 Mr. Wilson delivered a speech in the Senate in which he said "There must be a peace without victory—a peace forced on the loser would leave a bitter memory, leave only a quicksand for the security of the world to rest on." Once more he brought forward the idea of the League to Enforce Peace, with limitations of armaments, and held out the prospect of the United States joining the nations in a world-wide guarantee of peace. By way of reply Mr. Bonar Law said:

What President Wilson is longing for we are fighting for, our sons and our brothers are dying for, and we mean to secure it. The hearts of the people of this country are longing for peace—a peace that will bring back in safety those who are dear to us, but a peace that will mean that those who will never come back shall not have laid down their lives in vain.

At the end of January the situation entered on a highly critical stage. On the 31st Count Bernstorff presented a memorandum to Mr. Lansing in which, after referring in a complimentary manner to the speech of the President on the 22d, and identifying German views with Mr. Wilson's aims and conceptions, it was announced that, owing to the failure of the Allies to respond satisfactorily to the overtures of peace, Germany was now compelled to continue the fight with the full employment of all the weapons at her disposal. Another memorandum

elucidated this by declaring that no restriction would be placed on submarine warfare after the 1st of February. By this time Germany had ready, or thought she had ready, these new submarines in numbers sufficient to force Great Britain to sue for peace in a few months, but the President knew nothing of that. In consonance, however, with the *Sussex* Note he broke off relations with Germany, gave Count Bernstorff his passports, and withdrew from Berlin Mr. Gerard, the American Ambassador there. This took place on the 3d. By his direction instructions were sent on the following day by Mr. Lansing to the American Ministers in neutral countries to notify the Governments to which they were accredited of what had occurred, and to tell them that he was "reluctant to believe" that Germany actually would carry out her threat against neutral commerce. Though the document went on to say that if the threat should be carried out the President would "ask Congress to authorize the use of national power to protect American citizens engaged in their peaceful and lawful errands on the seas," it was evident from the foregoing that Mr. Wilson still had hopes of keeping the United States out of the War. Relations were not broken off with Austria, as, so long as that did not happen, communications could be made through Vienna to Berlin. On the 10th of February Mr. Lansing said in a speech "There is always hope that our country may be spared the terrible calamity of being forced into a conflict." That was the hope, indeed the expectation, of most Americans, although the President's dismissal of the German Ambassador had met with general approval. And as no preparations went forward at once for war the expectation looked like a certainty.

The majority of the people of the United States still were indifferent. Even the barbarous circumstances that attended the withdrawal of Mr. Gerard from Berlin did not rouse them to a desire for action. The trouble with the President himself was that he found it next to impossible to believe that Germanism—the German Government, as he would have put it—was the vile, brutal and inhuman thing it was, and that its aim was nothing less than the domination of the globe and the destruction of all human liberty. His Ambassadors in Europe must have told him what they knew, but they were unable to move him. It took the pressure of events coming nearer and nearer home to open his eyes. When his eyes were opened, he kept his face in the light.

"Only actual overt acts," said President Wilson, would overthrow his "inveterate confidence," and the acts came. Perhaps the first indication of his conversion was given on the 26th of February when, in an address to Congress, he asked "for power to institute a policy of armed neutrality. After stating that two American vessels had been sunk in the barred zone, and that it was abundantly clear that Germany was determined to go on ruthlessly with her general submarine warfare, he requested authorization to use any instrumentalities or methods that might be necessary to protect ships and mariners of the United States "in their legitimate and peaceful pursuits on the seas." At the same time he struck a new note by remarking:

I am thinking not only of the rights of Americans to come and go about their proper business by way of the sea, but also of something deeper, much more fundamental than that. I am thinking of those rights of humanity without which there is no civilization. My theme is of those great

principles of compassion and protection which mankind has sought to throw about human lives, the lives of non-combatants, the lives of men who are peacefully at work keeping the industrial processes of the world quick and vital, the lives of women and children, and of those who supply the labor which ministers to their sustenance. We are speaking of no selfish material rights, but of rights which our hearts support and whose foundation is that righteous passion for justice upon which all law, all structures alike of family, of State, and of mankind must rest, as upon the ultimate base of our existence and our liberty. I cannot imagine any man with American principles at his heart hesitating to defend these things.

The bill which he submitted to Congress encountered considerable opposition. A week or so before, the Democratic leaders of both the Senate and the House of Representatives had told him that if he went to Congress for a declaration of war against Germany it was most probable that he would not get it. Both the "Pacifists" and the pro-Germans now spoke violently against his armed neutrality proposals. Then he played a strong card. Congress came automatically to an end at noon on the 4th of March, and the time was short. On the morning of the 1st all America was electrified by the publication of a dispatch, which had been intercepted by the U. S. Secret Service, from Zimmermann, then German Foreign Secretary, to Eckhardt, the German Minister in Mexico. This dispatch spoke of the unrestricted submarine warfare, and said that in spite of this an endeavor would be made to keep America neutral, but if the attempt failed an alliance between Germany and Mexico was to be proposed on the basis of financial help from the former to enable the latter to "reconquer her lost territory in New Mexico, Texas,

and Arizona." Further, Mexico was to invite Japan to forsake the Allies, and arrange, after mediating between Germany and Japan, for her to join forces against the United States. The effect of this revelation of German intrigue—the first of a long series of official disclosures emanating from Washington—was that the people of the western and southern States now saw themselves directly affected, and were awakened to that consciousness of the peril of their country which had long been felt by most of the inhabitants of the eastern States. Congress was powerfully influenced. The Armed Neutrality Bill was passed in the House of Representatives by a large majority, but a dozen "Pacifists," pro-Germans, and "cranks" contrived to talk it out in the Senate. "A group of wilful men, representing no opinion but their own," commented President Wilson wrathfully, "have made the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible." The majority in the Senate met the situation by new closure rules preventing the repetition of such an occurrence, and Mr. Wilson summoned Congress to an extraordinary session on the 16th of April, the date afterwards being advanced by a fortnight.

Meanwhile more American ships were sunk, more American lives lost by submarine action. The stalwarts clamored for war, and the "Pacifists" and pro-Germans organized counter-demonstrations throughout the land. Mr. Bryan came forward with a proposition that the question of peace or war should be settled by a referendum, but the chief organs of his party now joined with the Republican journals in urging the President to take a vigorous course. In the main the Americans still had not realized the necessity of going to war with Germany, and the result of a referendum

might have been a pronouncement for peace. The President, to whom the full light had come, did not hesitate. He was under no illusions about Germany any longer, and great things were shaping themselves in his mind. Among the immediate steps he took was an order that the navy was to be recruited to its maximum, and another that the naval emergency fund of more than twenty millions sterling, which Congress had voted about two months previously, was to be expended on the construction, with all possible speed, of destroyers, submarine-chasers, and mosquito craft—just the ships required in the circumstances. He also began calling out the regiments of the National Guard, and under his hand the Council of National Defense, with its Advisory Commission, became endowed with life and energy. These were merely preliminary measures, but they showed that the United States was moving on to war. Some of its citizens expressed the hope that war would be on a "limited liability basis," with action confined to the protection of shipping and the assistance of the Allies with loans and supplies. On the 2d of April when Congress—the Sixty-fifth—met, the President delivered an address, of which it has been well said that it will live forever, advising Congress to declare war on Germany. Having spoken of the dastardly deeds of the U-boats after the restriction had been removed, he observed "I was for a little while unable to believe that such things would in fact be done by any Government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations." Later on in his speech, referring to the criminal intrigues of Germany in America, he stated "They have played their part in serving to convince us at last that that Government entertains no real friendship for us, and

means to act against our peace and security at its convenience." As was said above, this inability to believe the worst of Germany had all along stood in Mr. Wilson's way. Inveighing against autocracy, he rejoiced in the Russian Revolution, and declared, in a sentence that rang round the globe, that "The world must be made safe for democracy."

Perhaps the Muse of History, who regards impartially autocracies, aristocracies, democracies, and ochlocracies, and chronicles results, smiled sardonically when she heard these words, for the Constitution of the United States, the large population and vast resources of America, and the War combined to make President Wilson one of the most thorough-going autocrats on record. To the burning zeal of the convert was added a plenitude of power without a parallel. After sitting for a little more than six months Congress adjourned on the 6th of October, having voted, soon or late, everything he demanded. Throughout these months the President loomed tremendous, a colossal figure doing things or getting things done in a colossal way. He demanded a great deal, in fact everything—the money, the materials, and the lives of the citizens of the United States until the War should come to a victorious conclusion. At the very start he made it plain that he would throw into the struggle every ounce of the weight of America. On the 2d of April, in that ever-memorable address, he laid down his war program—an immense program, but he has realized it. (1) Co-operation with the Allies, and the most liberal credits for them: American ships are at work in European waters, American soldiers in France and England soon will be at the Front, the Allied supplies are reduced in price, and six hundred millions sterling have been loaned

to the Entente Powers, with eight hundred millions more to follow if required. (2) The organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the Union: Through the various boards, committees and sub-committees of the Council of National Defense and the Advisory Commission this has been effected in the most complete manner, but any detailed account of their activities would easily fill the whole of this Review. Suffice it to say that all mines, farms, factories, shops, shipping, railways, canals, telegraphs and telephones are acting virtually under Government control and are organized for war, while a watertight embargo on neutral shipping has made the blockade of Germany a much more real thing than it was ever before. (3) The full equipment of the navy: *Personnel* raised from 80,000 to 200,000 men, many destroyers building and nearing completion, multitudes of small craft already in service, two thousand millions of dollars voted, every Government and private yard, with several new yards, working night and day. (4) The addition to the armed forces of the United States, brought up to the limit of war strength provided by law, of half a million men with increments of equal size as needed: Regular Army and National Guard increased from 280,000 to 750,000 men, the first half-million of the new National Army, raised by selective conscription, training in enormous camps or cantonments which have been constructed for the purpose, 45,000 fine young volunteers training as officers (of whom about ten per cent have already gained commissions), 22,000 aeroplanes building with 100,000 airmen under instruction, munitions in prodigious quantities, money in sums that take the breath away, the last Supply Bill estimating, in the handsome American manner, for three million men for

foreign service. The quality of man power as of machine power is of the best. The amount of money placed by Congress during the past session at the disposal of the U. S. Government—that is, of President Wilson, for he is the U. S. Government—was, according to a statement issued by the American Embassy in London, 3,400,000,000 £ ., with contracts authorized for about 500,000,000 £ . more, of which only 200,000,000 £ . were for normal expenses.

It is Mr. Wilson who has been the inspiration and the driving force of all this marvelous development—which finally ensures the overthrow of Germany. Of course he has many able lieutenants, one of the best-known on this side of the Atlantic being Mr. Hoover, so long and honorably associated with the American Belgian Relief Commission, and now Food Administrator of the United States. Mr. Wilson called to his aid the finest business brains in the land. There was very little fumbling, very few mistakes—it would have been strange had there been none. His wonderful success was not gained without opposition. His great leadership rose equal to every occasion. Quite apart from irreconcilables and malignants, the bulk of the people of the United States were not really in favor of war when it was declared. Many of them were bewildered when the Peace President changed into the War President. As an Arizona voter put it: "We elected Wilson because we were told that he had kept us out of the War. Now we are told that we must fight, we are puzzled." Others wished war to be restricted to the defensive. President Wilson tolerated no half-measures, no compromises. In Congress he had a stiff and prolonged fight to pass his Food Control Bill, but he triumphed—not, however, till August, though

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the bill was among the first he submitted with the declaration of war. He wanted the control of food to be in the hands of one man; the Senate voted for a commission of three men, but had to give way. The Senate also voted for a commission to supervise the War on its American side, which meant a supervision of the President, but again had to yield. Mr. Wilson dominated Congress. That was in itself an index of his hold on the country, of his swinging it into line. Many things helped him in this, such as the revelations of Mr. Gerard's book, and the disclosures of German intrigues. Undoubtedly the great vision and moral courage that made him impose conscription, with its equality of sacrifice, told eventually most powerfully for him with the mass of Americans. For unifying the people the idea of the new National Army—our army, as each citizen could call it with truth and pride—was a master-stroke of domestic policy. But after all the main thing in the President's greatest achievement was the man, Woodrow Wilson himself. It was the strength of his character, the force of his personality, the largeness of his conceptions—his *quality*, that impressed the United States throughout, and wrought the miracle. The hundred millions are in line. The conversion of Mr. Bryan to war, and war on the great scale, against Germany, which he himself announced in September, indicated the turnover to the President of the whole of the Democrats who had been in opposition, and may be taken as the final intimation of the nation's mind and will. If the country as a whole is not worked up to enthusiasm for war, it has been brought, at all events, to a steely temper of determination to win. Which perhaps is better.

Robert Machray.

AMERICAN OPINION.

The structural principle of the American Government is democracy. The most characteristic feature of American society is democratic equality. The truth of Jefferson's declaration is still manifest after almost a century and a half of the asseveration and application of its sublime platitudes. The political philosophy which is taught in the academic class-room, as well as accepted in the clubs with knowledge and in labor-union halls without knowledge, is democratic. Religion, which is still a dominant force, recognizes the democratic fact and rule, not only in the dissenting Congregational Churches of New England orthodoxy and Unitarianism, but also in the republican Presbyterian and monarchical Episcopal Churches. The growth of agnosticism and of impersonal or personal pantheism intimates that ignorance of the spiritual infinities is equally common and equally influential or powerless among all classes of mind and all kinds of conscience and of will. The current inclination to depreciate the past, or even to cut oneself free from the great forces of Hellenism and of Roman law and imperialism, to live only in the present and to feel only the power and the promise of the recent and the modern, is an outcropping of the spirit of democracy. Individualism—an individualism which is one of the results of the French Revolution transplanted into the rich soil of American life—passing over into Socialism by leaps and bounds, represents the spread of the same conquering movement, a movement of the growth and the meaning of which American people are still largely ignorant. The wiping out of political party lines, or rather the mingling and commingling of partisan principles,

ideals, and methods, helps to carry forward the democratic atmosphere and feeling. The physical well-being of the people—a well-being which is embodied in a tight roof over the head, a fat pigeon in the pot, a warm hearthstone for one's feet, and a shirt on the back—illustrates and helps forward the great political and social cause.

It may also be true that the geographical situation of America contributes to the same results. The present of America largely, and the future comprehensively, lies in the vast section between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, a plateau of 2000 miles in width, drained by the Mississippi and the Missouri, in which the topographical variations are hardly discernible to the human eye; levels geographical promote levels social. The similarities in dress, in manners, in habits of life, in scales of income and of expenditure, are at once causes and results of similarities in government, in feelings, and in intellect. Neither can it be doubted that the swiftness of transportation of persons and of goods, of ideas by post, by telegraph, and by telephone—a swiftness which is impossible to realize—has helped forward the movement of a democracy united and triumphant. The education of the people, supported out of the public chest, beginning with the kindergarten, continuing through intermediate and high schools, and ending with the undergraduate college or the professional school of law, of medicine, of theology, of architecture, of journalism, and of other professions, tends to create a nation in which the majority rules without irritating arrogance and the minority submits without humiliation, and always in the hope of soon becoming the commanding majority itself.

Mysticism, a sense of the infinities and the immensities and the eternities, interpreted in terms of the emotions, is still a strong though a limited force in American life; and mysticism results in essential democracy through the elimination of the accidents and incidents of ordinary time and of space. The race spirit, furthermore, is strong in cosmopolitan America, and the race spirit spells democracy.

It was into the bosoms and business of such a democratic nation, numbering 100,000,000 persons, that of an August morning of the year 1914 were thrust the tidings of the long-prophesied European war. For three years these tidings have with each sunrise and sunset continued.

This thrusting of world-shaking news into the American mind has been done on the whole with fullness and fairness. The journals of each day, of the great cities at least, for the first three years have given first place to war news. Special correspondents have contributed general interpretations, and the organized press associations have given the best news service which has ever been rendered in a time of war. Such service has been the chief source of the people's information and the chief material for their resulting judgment and feeling.

In this triennium these judgments and feeling have suffered fundamental changes. The first impression—more a sentiment than an idea—was one of surprise. Out of a national calm which the assassination of the Austrian Archduke only briefly and superficially interrupted came forth astonishment and confusion. Following the feeling of surprise emerged inquiries: "Why? What is it all about?" For Europe is very far off from America. Germany, Austria, Russia, and all Balkan provinces are remote from the thinking and

knowledge of the ordinary citizen. Diplomatic relations play a small part in the judgment and emotion of the American man. For the first months this surprise and inquiry continued. It was of course accentuated by the invasion of Belgium and the advance toward Paris of the German armies. These emotions were succeeded by those of horror—horror in which surprise and astonishment too had their part. For it soon was made evident that the world was dealing with a Power not only of unexampled might but also of unexampled ruthlessness. The Bismarckian principle of force was being applied without the Bismarckian emphasis upon the imponderables and the invisibles. The *Lusitania* was the culmination, and the approval of the German Government of the sinking was if possible a further culmination of the proof of personal ruthlessness and of national iniquity. The sense of horror was followed by a conviction that Germany was willing to descend to a depth of national sin and of international crime which had formerly seemed unthinkable.

For it has been impossible for the American mind to understand or for the American heart at all to appreciate the destruction which the German Armies were inflicting on defenseless communities and individuals, or to realize in either intellect or conscience the support which the German Government, either positively or passively, was giving to the perpetration of such outrages. Perhaps the Armenian and Syrian deportations and massacres moved the American soul more deeply than any other devastation. For the relationship between Armenia and Syria through the Protestant missions is intimate. Thousands of members, too, of both nations are found living and working in the larger towns of America.

The feeling of surprise, of inquiry, of irritation, of horror, thus grew into antagonism. From the first days the question had frequently been asked, "Shall we get into it?" For two years and more it seemed clear that the Government was determined to do all that it could to keep us out of it. So strong was the impression made on the people that the Government should keep out, that President Wilson and his advisers were condemned by many people for undue conservatism or indifference. But, on the other hand, one of the causes contributing to President Wilson's re-election was the cry, "He has kept us out of the war." But such a judgment was, I believe, more common with the less thoughtful part of the people. Gradually, however, in the last month of the last year and in the first months of 1917, antagonism hardened, and with the hardening was made bitter. The U-boat campaign, the revelations of the plotting in Mexico, the conspiracy to attack the United States on its southern boundary from Mexican soil, and to wrest some part of American soil for the benefit of Mexico and Germany, brought all feelings to a head. No Government at all worthy could do otherwise than was done: a state of war was declared to exist. To this declaration the American people at once gave and have continued to give an unexampled unity of support. No war has ever been entered into which so commands the hearty and general support of the whole body of the American people as does the present. The number of dissenters in the Spanish War of 1898, the number of Copperheads and of peace-at-any-price men in the Civil War, the number of doubters in the Mexican War of 1846, the number of opponents in the War of 1812, and the number of loyalists who fought against the colo-

nists in the Revolutionary War of 1776-83 was far greater in each instance than the number of disloyalists in the present unspeakably greater struggle.

These changes have gone on among a people which it is difficult to interpret with an exactness or conclusiveness which would seem just and impartial. In a superficial zone American society is primarily emotional and secondarily intellectual. Going a little more deeply beneath the surface, American society is perhaps equally emotional and intellectual. Probing a little deeper, this same society reverts to its primary state of being more largely emotional than intellectual. If one should be allowed to go a bit further in the analysis, I think it would be found that the people is largely intellectual. The American feels before he thinks, at least in any large way. When the first flash of feeling has vanished somewhat, he reflects; having reflected, he finds his meditations react upon his feelings, and that his feelings often absorb his thought. How often have I seen bodies, both large and small, of men educated and intellectual swept away by great floods of feeling! But beneath such conditions, which cover the largest share of the people, are found dwelling a small body of men whose feelings play a small part in their personal organization or activity, who are chiefly forces and agents intellectual.

With all these sections and zones of American society the democratic movement has in the period under review gained, and gained in common with its spread throughout the world. The sublime sentiments of Lincoln regarding government of and for and by the people, spoken under unlike conditions and in diverse phrases, have never been more often repeated or made to connote richer or more inspiring meanings. In the United

States, as elsewhere, democracy never goes backward, and usually advances. This increasing power belongs, in my judgment, rather more to the educated classes than to other sections. The evidence for this opinion lies in the eagerness of these higher classes, as found in the colleges and universities, to respond to the call for service, military and naval. The response has been quite as prompt and enthusiastic as it was in the Civil War, which of course came unspeakably nearer home. Not a few colleges have lost or are to lose one-half of their students in the next academic years. Football fields and baseball diamonds have become drill grounds, dormitories, barracks, gymnasiums, armories, and common messes. Such enthusiasm and response are what was expected, and even demanded, by faculties and trustees. To the democratic State educational institutions are in debt for their existence. When the State is menaced they therefore should, and do, leap to her defense.

Among the middle classes, and especially in that part which might be called the lower half of the third estate, I do not believe the democratic sentiment has in recent years strengthened. A domestic and an individualistic, centrifugal movement has progressed. Its members, in their prosperity and comfortableness, are more inclined to ask, "What have we to do with Europe? Its problems and its difficulties and wars are not our concern. What, too, has America done for us that we should sacrifice for her? Have we not earned all that we have got?"

My reason for such judgment lies in the apathy under which the people seem to rest, and in the slowness with which they have responded to the call for enlistments in the army and navy made by the President. In a proper democracy the call for volun-

teers should be promptly and fully answered, and answered with overflowing enthusiasm, answered with a sense of privilege and of joyous entrance into an opportunity. The answer has been made with slowness and with indifference. In a proper democracy conscription should not be necessary. But conscription is necessary, and is now in the process of making. The democratic system has not furnished America with a proper number of volunteer soldiers. The army is largely a conscript army. Perhaps, however, one who would differ with me would say that democracies are not made to fight, and that martial standards do not form the proper test to apply to a democracy.

In this democratic condition, however, there is occurring a movement which has deep meaning for the present, and ultimately may have deeper meaning, for America and for the world. This movement is Socialism. Of the manifold definitions of Socialism, let me, in order to be clear, accept that definition which interprets Socialism as being a method of government in which the State performs functions for the individual which formerly he performed for himself. Under this definition, in the years immediately preceding the outbreak of the war and in the three years succeeding, Socialism has moved with tremendous strides, and was never moving more rapidly than at this moment. The transportation business is perhaps the more comprehensive field. The railroads have in the last month been largely commandeered by the Government. In its parcel post it has become the rival of the express companies. The owning and running of ships cover a similar field on water. The business of insuring the lives of its soldiers is a function formerly given over to the insurance societies. It has gone

into the coal business in reference to the regulation of prices. It has for a generation or more been in the banking business through its system of national banks, but recently it has taken a much larger and more controlling hand in what is known as its Federal Reserve system. In part, and only in part, these measures are war measures, and by most would be confessed necessary. Their political function and place following the close of the war covers a more serious question, which thoughtful minds are already considering.

In all the thinking and discussion of these years, of course, the great arch-enemy has occupied the largest place. The public opinion about Germany has passed through several sea changes, and, one may be suffered to add, several land changes also. The opinion, too, differs in different strata of the cosmopolitan population. For two and a half years the Germans living in America, either German-born or of German parentage, sympathized with their home people. This sympathy was voiced in many ways, the newspaper being the chief method. The German press of the United States is a many-voiced organ. The daily journals published in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, and other cities have not less than a million readers. The sinking of the *Lusitania* was regarded by them as a legitimate war measure. The victories of Germany have constantly been received with satisfaction and the victories of the Allies with depreciation. Their recent utterances have been less sympathetic, but the sympathy is still felt if not so fully expressed. Though the press is an exponent of public opinion, yet I do believe that the Germans who have chosen America as their home are more loyal to the country of their adoption than their papers intimate.

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Before the declaration of war was made, the Governor of New York said to me that three of the outstanding German citizens of the State offered, in case of a declaration of war between Germany and the United States, to raise a regiment of their own German citizens to fight against Germany. In general the loyalty of the German population can be counted upon, and yet, be it said, not with that full sense of enthusiasm which would belong to the native American citizen.

It should also be added that on the part of most Americans is entertained no feeling of revenge against Germany. Of course, the outrages perpetrated by Germany in Belgium, in Poland, and by its consent in Syria, Armenia, and other parts, have created the deepest emotion of horror. Yet there prevails no desire for reprisal. The feeling is one of pity for the outraged and of desire to give relief, and of pity also that a nation could so far forget herself as to be guilty of such devastation. In the first years thoughtful men made a careful discrimination between the Germany of Kant, of Schiller, and of Goethe, and the Germany of Bismarck, of the present Kaiser, and of their entourage; but as the years have passed it has become evident that the German people, either through misinformation or misinterpretation or ignorance or timidity, have stood with their Government in this war. Under this solidarity of judgment and of emotion the feeling of sympathy with and of regard for the Teutonic peoples has distinctly and greatly lessened. It may be added that their boastfulness has on the whole awakened the sense of the ridiculous, and also the sense of the psychological inquiry regarding the origin and prevalence of such unique boastfulness and bumptiousness among an educated and thoughtful people.

Although no feeling of revenge prevails, yet deep antagonism does prevail which has taken on a minor form of more or less extreme silliness. The special form I have in mind is the elimination of the teaching of German and of the courses in German literature from schools and colleges. For many years German has been the most popular of all foreign languages in academic curricula. The beginning of this popularity occurred about forty years ago, and it has increased with each decade. But at the present time in the public schools of many cities it is proposed to eliminate the language as a subject of study. In the colleges the courses will still be given, but probably with considerable curtailment.

The opinion, however, is common that in one respect at least the United States was justified in going to rather extreme measures in retaliation. This respect relates, not to the U-boat warfare or to Belgian outrages, but to the representation of Germany in the United States. The suspicions for a long time entertained have now been proved to be true. A propaganda for their people was on neutral American territory constantly and powerfully carried on by the official representatives of the German Empire. The promotion was done not only through money, but by methods deceitful, surreptitious, and insidious, by the destruction of property, by stratagem which caused the innocent to suffer with the presumed guilty, and by violence resulting in the loss of life. It was all a nasty business done in the name of a great Power on neutral territory. The revelations made since the recall of the German Ambassador add to its perfidy. Yet it was carried on with such clumsiness that it failed of its supreme purpose. Its chief result was to madden the American people and to unite them

in the support of a declaration of war.

The opinion of the American people has been formed not only in regard to movements, diplomatic measures, and with the doctrines of rights and duties, but also in regard to personalities. Of all personalities engaged in the great affair, no one has commanded the attention of thoughtful people more constantly or more affectionately than Lord Bryce. For Lord Bryce, more commonly spoken of as Mr. Bryce, holds the deep respect and regard of the American nation. This feeling arises from general causes which create the regard and respect of all, but also from two special reasons: his service as ambassador, and his book, *The American Commonwealth*. His ambassadorship is interpreted in no narrowly diplomatic sense, but rather as a great friendship, educational and personal. He touched American life on many sides, and touched it only to enlighten, to enlarge, to enrich. The student found in the author of *The Holy Roman Empire* and in the Oxford Regius Professor of Civil Law a sympathetic teacher. The Congressman found in the author of *The American Commonwealth* a statesman who understood his own American problems quite as well as himself. The lawyer found in the writer of the *Studies in History and Jurisprudence* a mind rich, inquisitive, and suggestive. The manufacturer and the merchant throughout the country discovered in Mr. Bryce an interpreter whose questions reached far down into surprising detail and upward into inductions to which they had given little or no heed. Mr. Bryce was indeed our great British friend; his presence was always most grateful and his speech quickening and inspiring. He once said to me he had spoken in every State of the American Union, excepting only two or three.

At the beginning of the war the figure of Sir Edward Grey, as he then was, emerged for the first time to the ordinary American mind. From this mind he has, for the time being at least, vanished. But the impression made in those first eventful days is to last. This impression is, that no man ever labored with greater earnestness, or with a heartiness more sincere or with a laboriousness more intense, in the promotion of the great end of peace. Not only the White Book, but every other Book when properly read, furnishes proof of the judgment.

The American judgment of two other great Englishmen has also been made plain. The two can for my purpose be bracketed—Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. Of Mr. Asquith the opinion has heightened in respect to his ability as a thoughtful statesman. It has fallen in respect to his ability as an executive. His ship is built, it is believed, to sail the broad and calm seas of statesmanship, a ship bearing rich cargoes, but one unable to breast swift and strong tides and hard storms, or to escape shoals and rocks such as it has met in these years. His retirement was inevitable. But, on the contrary, his successor is regarded as of a very unlike type. Mr. Lloyd George has come to be thought of as a statesman especially called to an increasingly lofty duty. This duty he interprets with a certain narrowness not belonging to his predecessor, but also with a fearlessness and a force which were quite foreign to Mr. Asquith. Joshua succeeded Moses in the command of the chosen people. Although less great than the legislator, Joshua did what Moses could not do—he brought Israel into the promised land.

Concerning the two most outstanding Germans of the present or the last generation American opinion has also suffered a change. Regarding Bis-

mark the change lies in rather a deepening of opinion than in alteration. The regard for his prescience has become greater. This prescience was manifest in his willingness not to demand the uttermost farthing of either blood, or treasure, or territory of the defeated foe, as of France in 1871, or of Austria in 1866. If his counsel had been followed in 1871, the present war might have been avoided at least for a time. But also the judgment has become confirmed that Bismarck is one of the ultimate causes of the present crisis. Through his insistence on making German welfare an ethical and political standard, he served to intoxicate the German mind with the notion of Germany's present and future greatness. His argument that what is good for Germany is good for all, what is bad for Germany is essentially bad, what is right for Germany is fundamentally right and what is wrong fundamentally wrong, established a standard and a test which allowed and quickened the breaking of treaties, the forging of telegrams, and the declaration of war. His interpretation of Germany has helped the nation to sell its soul for a mess of pottage, fiery, liquid, red. Be it added, too, it is going to lose the pottage as well as, for the time being, its soul.

In the half-seen background is always discerned by the American the sinister and helmeted figure of the Kaiser. In America, before his reign began and immediately after, there was felt a special prejudice against him, based partly on his treatment of his English mother and partly on his outstanding peculiarities. These peculiarities, it was believed by many, might bring his reign to a sudden end by his confinement in a sanitary Schloss. But as the years and the decades have passed it has become evident that he was making himself

more and more a master of his own will and of the will of others. His protestations that he was the peace lord of the world came to be received with constantly increasing confidence. The marvelous commercial and industrial progress of the nation was due, at least in part, it was recognized, to his encouragement and initiative. It was also reasoned that the industrial and financial place which Germany had secured and was pretty sure to enlarge would prevent the Kaiser from entering into a great war.

The circumstances attending the outbreak of the war and the conditions of its waging have completely altered these interpretations. The heart and mind of the American people now are convinced that the real author and the real continuing force of the war is the Kaiser himself. Tales of the dominant influence of the war party and of His Majesty's reluctance in yielding to the pleadings and arguments of the war party have been received from time to time, but they have not served to becloud the real point of responsibility. The falsehoods of the military and civil authorities regarding affairs in Belgium and Poland and France have not for a moment beguiled the American people into the belief that these excesses could not have been avoided by a word from the throne. Journal after journal in American cities has printed indictments against him which would be sufficient to consign not a single guilty criminal, but a whole Prussian division, to everlasting punishment.

If one looks below the surface, the reason for the Kaiser's waging such a war by such methods lies in the Bismarckian formula touching Teutonic supremacy and the betterment for the world which is sure to result from such supremacy.

The judgment of the American people regarding certain personalities

both in Germany and England becomes yet more emphatic when one considers the opinion which is entertained in America regarding England's share in the great undertaking. About the year 1893, on the anniversary of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, I heard a leading lawyer of a leading American city, with bravado in voice and manner, declare, "We have licked England twice, and we can do it again." It was of course a cheap piece of swash-buckling. That lawyer would not say now what he said then. He would not have made the remark on any anniversary of Perry's victory in the past decade. For the feeling of America toward England has shown a distinct decline of antagonism and a distinct increase of sympathy. The causes of the change have been general, belonging to commerce, to industry, to literature. The causes have been also in no small part personal. The presence of Lord Bryce on the one side, and on the other of Lowell and Hay and Choate, have proved the source of sympathetic interpretations and ties. But out of the war, even before the public declaration against Germany, a sense of peculiar oneness had taken the place of antagonism or of indifference. The uniting is now quite complete, for not only is America fighting with Great Britain for the world of democracy, but it is now plainly seen that Great Britain was fighting the battle of the world for democracy, not only world-wide, but also American. That thin, wavering, unconquerable red line in France and Flanders of October 1914 was what stood between not only a democratic and an autocratic world, but also what stood between a democratic America and a Germanized America. Great Britain fought the American battle in France in the summer months of 1914. If in 1776 and the years following Great Britain committed

sins and follies against the American colonies, she has now made an atonement full and complete. The troops of George V in France undid what the troops of George III were guilty of in America a hundred and fifty years before.

Before America's formal entrance, as well as after, the war struck a fundamental note in the character of the community and of the individual. That note is a religious one. For man is not only naturally religious, as a Church father said: he is also unconquerably religious. A crisis like the present flings the individual in thought and feeling back upon the infinite, the eternal, the universal. In the possibility that he may lose his body, man, the soldier, is inclined to ask whether he will keep his soul or whether he has a soul at all worth keeping. In the probability that someone of those dear to him will not return with peace, he inquires whether he will see his Pilot face to face. "What is worth struggling for, what is worth living for, what is worth dying for?" is his persistent question. Individualism is tabooed, selfishness made impossible, the will to live shameless. That truth is the worthiest object of one's thought, duty of one's endeavor, righteousness of one's struggle, honor of one's allegiance, and service of one's sacrifice, become inspiring sentiments and thrilling rallying cries. In my city of Cleveland was recently held a meeting of more than three hundred of its chief business men. The assembly was a recognition of the raising in a week by voluntary offerings of more than four and a half million dollars for the Red Cross. A dozen brief addresses were made by merchants and manufacturers. The note prevailing in these speeches was a spiritual one: it was the note of God and of God's world, of the individual's and the race's

duty to the Divine Person and to His creatures. The note thus struck is general and deep in the American character.

The formal Church recognizes this spiritual movement, but not fully; but in recognizing it, is not always able to adjust itself to these spiritual demands. The river of God is so full of water that the stream has overflowed its common banks of thinking and of devotional expression. The American Church has no personality like Phillips Brooks or Henry Ward Beecher to quicken and to direct its feelings. It is a personality and not a creed, be the creed never so wide or true, it is a personality not an organization, be that organization never so historic or complete, which is demanded by the heart of a nation in a national crisis.

In this spiritual and other experience through which America is now passing, even slight reflection brings to consciousness a sense of the reserve strength of the people. A population of 100,000,000 should of course have vast strength held in reserve, although one at once acknowledges that India's population is threefold and China's fourfold greater than America's. Mere numbers may constitute not strength but weakness. But this population, living under a stable republican government, with material property of uncounted billions and means of augmenting this property each year by an amount which most nations do not possess as their entire wealth, resting on a stable history of three hundred years, a people orderly, religious, intelligent, loyal to high ideals, has great forces in reserve. These forces are quite as much moral as they are physical. This fact of reserve helps to explain the indifference of many Americans to evils in their body politic and in their individual soul—evils which seem to a foreigner

rather menacing. The Americans, however, know that these evils—and they are free to confess that they are evils—are slight in comparison with the strength and virtue inherent and structural in American society. They also are willing to acknowledge that these evils they can remove whenever they make up their mind or their will to. This sense of reserve, moreover, may have close metaphysical relation with the self-restraint of the nation which has characterized its dealings with Germany during these last three years.

This consciousness of reserve power has possibly some bearing on a question which, in the opinion of but a few, is still awaiting decision: the question whether the evidence afforded by the war is for or against the value of great standing armies. America and England have not maintained great bodies of troops ready for service, yet in six months Kitchener's mob was converted into a fine fighting machine. In a scarcely longer period America will convert a million raw recruits into a compact, well-disciplined, well-equipped, victorious force—a force, which joining other forces, will help to conquer Germany's long-standing millions. On the whole, given a nation of physical resources and of intellectual and administrative resourcefulness, the evidence, even on the martial side, is against the policy of maintaining vast armies in times of peace.

In this struggle, as in other fundamental movements, have emerged two opposing tendencies: I refer to the individualistic and the racial or cosmopolitan. In the later part of this three-year period has sprung up with special vigor a movement for what is called Americanization. The move-

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ment embodies a desire to transmute all the members of all these diverse nationalities into Americans. The fire beneath the melting-pot, always burning, has in these last days received fresh fuel. The importance of mobilizing all forces in the prosecution of the war has become recognized; therefore, not "America for the Americans" is the accepted doctrine—that is a too narrow interpretation—but "All Americans" is the slogan. Not only is the campaign to naturalize foreigners, but also and more the endeavor is to inspire them with the spirit of America, to acquaint them with American history, to instruct them in American traditions, and above all else to teach them to speak, to write, to think the American language, which, thank God, is the English tongue.

Yet, while this movement for Americanization has been going on, there has also progressed a world-tendency: a tendency to think in terms of the world and of all history. It is a tendency not only for the races, but also, and more, for the race. We have realized that above all nations is humanity. We have come to appreciate the truth that we must think in world-terms. We have learned that no nation either liveth or dieth to itself. We have been taught to believe that the suffering of one finally becomes the loss of all, and the gain of one is the gain of all, and the gain of all is the advantage of each. We have now come to understand, as we had not understood, that the world's sorrows are America's griefs, the world's burdens America's weights, the world's degradations America's shame, the world's hopes America's assurances, and the world's victories—which are sure to be won—are America's triumphs.

Charles F. Thwing.

JOHN-A-DREAMS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XI.

OCTAVIA BRINGS BAD AND GOOD
NEWS.

The Islands were still in strict quarantine. Supplies were carried over in boats and deposited on the strand, from which they were fetched away by the people. When the goods had been landed the boat pushed off and waited till some one came and called the news from the shore to the boat.

Generally Dr. Verschoyle or Father O'Brien or a nurse, or some other worker came. Once, a good while ago, it had been John. Tony had gone out with Monica Howard in the boat and had seen John, had reported him as looking lean but well. The epidemic was almost at an end. There were some new graves in the churchyard above the cliffs at Tubbermore.

On that occasion Octavia had let Tony and Miss Howard go alone. She had imagined something in Monica Howard's manner of a prescriptive right to go—before others—and she had refused to accompany them. Since then John had not come to the beach when the boats went out, and she with them always hoping to see John, but seeing only the others instead.

Sir Anthony had not yet returned. In his absence Madam began to sleep uneasily, to have dreams of the dripping of the sail when Cecilia was carried in from the sea, of the lit candles in the July day, of Brian in his grave on the Veldt. She complained of headache. Her eyes had misted over, were as full of dreams as John's, but the dreams were painful and pitiful. The expression of her face, painfully bewildered, hurt those who had eyes to see.

Miss Sweeney was once more at the little house next the post-office, where Madam sought and found her the morning of the day before Tubber Races.

Octavia was sitting in the little garden, which was common to the cottage and to the post-office, under an apple tree upon which the small fruit had formed. She was writing a letter. Before she heard the sound of Madam's approach over the grassy lawn she had been sitting with brows knitted in contemplation, gazing down at the sheet of paper on the blotting-pad on her knees. Madam, not for the first time, was struck by the curious muse-like composure of Octavia's face in repose. It was a piquant thing taken in conjunction with her American speech. It made her classical name the befitting one. Madam's eyes had dropped to the writing on the barely begun letter, and before she could withdraw them she had read the opening.

"My dear Prince Paul."

So far Octavia had gone, and no farther. There was perplexity in the little crease between the level brows.

"Octavia," said Madam, wondering who Octavia's dear Prince Paul could be.

Of late she had begun to use the girl's name, discarding the more ceremonious address.

Octavia looked up, and then made way for Madam to sit down beside her, putting away as she did the blotting-pad in the tortoise-shell desk, inlaid with silver, which had the exquisite simplicity of most of her belongings. The seat round the base of the apple tree was covered with grass. A cushion had to be fetched for Madam before Octavia would allow her to settle. It was the first

visit Madam had paid to Mr. Sweeney's cottage.

"How pretty your flower-beds are, Octavia," she said.

"They are Miss Horan's," Octavia answered, adding the superfluity of a rug upon the sunny grass for Madam's feet.

"You are like a daughter, Octavia," said Madam, with a sigh. Then she returned to the question of the flower-beds.

"Pansies, forget-me-nots—yes, it is forget-me-not, though that is over—lad's love, a rose-tree, love-in-a-mist. Your garden beds are emblematical. What a pretty idea!"

"I had not thought about it," Miss Sweeney answered. "I wonder if Miss Horan had a design in planting the things? She's downright lovely, Madam, don't you think?"

"She has always been very pretty. Lord Dunmore says she is prettier now than ever. He has a great eye for beauty. There was a dour old mother. When I came first to Clew Miss Horan was like a rosebud. Something happened—I don't know what. The rosebud wilted. The prettiness has returned as Miss Horan grew older."

"How good it was of you to come all the way this hot morning! Do you notice the smell of the lilies—there are a few left."

Madam turned a shade paler, perceptible to Octavia who was looking at her with an affectionate and solicitous gaze.

"I do not like the smell of your lilies, Octavia," she said.

Miss Sweeney understood. Her perceptions were very quick.

"Come right away indoors," she said. "The heat is too great here. You shall rest on my little sofa and have eau-de-Cologne on your forehead. The late lilies are too stifling."

Madam went willingly enough.

There was a haze of heat on the land. The Islands lay out to sea invisible. She allowed herself to be petted and made much of by Miss Sweeney, who, having made her lie down and brought her the eau-de-Cologne, had put on a little silver kettle to boil over the spirit lamp. Madam's eyes watched the American girl as she moved about, taking in the trifles that lay on the table, on the mantelpiece, the books on the rude, village carpenter's shelves either side of the fireplace. The trifles were elegant: they spoke of a fastidious taste, of foreign travel. The books were daintily bound, but not too delicate to be handled.

She supposed Mr. Sweeney could do well by his daughter. A prosperous New York business man. That paragraph in the *Freeman's Journal* had not conveyed much to Madam. Returned Irish-Americans had come to Clew often. They had been assertive. Success in one degree or another had shouted itself from them. This little withered man, with the gentle brown eyes, who spoke of "The Store," or "Sweeney's" as though there was nothing to conceal or discover, was very unlike the opulent materialists who had sometimes made Clew wonder and grin.

"Octavia," said Madam, suddenly, "I am uneasy about John."

Miss Sweeney finished ladling out the Orange Pekoe, with its bitter-sweet fragrance, from the little old rosewood caddy.

"Yes?" she said, and looked at Madam. "So am I."

"You don't think they are concealing anything from us?" Madam asked, a haggard anxiety coming out in the delicate features, as she lifted herself on her elbow. "His quarantine ought to be nearly up, yet there is nothing about his coming home."

"If he was ill they would have told us."

"The boat is going across in half an hour's time."

She looked wistfully at Octavia.

"I'm going with her," said Miss Sweeney as though she had made up her mind long ago. "Supposing I leave you here to rest and shut the door behind me. I'll find out if anything is amiss. There is no one else going across this morning?"

"Tony is going to ride over the course. Monica will be with him."

"Be quiet, and I shall bring you good news. Here is your tea. Tell me if it is to your liking before I go."

She set the tea beside Madam's sofa. The cup and saucer were of delicate egg-shell china, with a design of softly colored dragons. She had brought it out of a cupboard. It was something very different from the gaily colored things on the dresser—the "cottagy" crockery which Miss Sweeney had picked up in various places abroad. She had made an itinerary of her travels one day for Madam, amusing her by constructing about each bit of crockery something of the place where she had bought it. The tea certainly tasted better from the egg-shell china than it would have done from the "cottagy" cups.

Miss Sweeney disappeared for a moment and reappeared in her scarlet Connemara cloak. She had a little motor-bonnet on her head tied on by a veil of scarlet and black. She flashed brilliantly before Madam, lying back on the comfortable cushions of the little sofa. She was placing a newspaper and some books within reach of Madam's hand before she went out.

"No one will come to disturb you," she said. "Poppa has gone to the fair at Farnagh. He likes to hustle round some among the country people and talk."

She had said nothing to Madam about the likelihood of returning to

America sooner than she and her father had intended to. There had been new disquieting news from John Brett only that morning—a threatened strike in the workshops. There was nothing to be done for a time. Their passages were already booked for September. Nothing to be done unless Mr. Sweeney went home second-class by an earlier boat, leaving his daughter to follow. He might decide to do that.

Mr. Sweeney had started for the fair at an early hour of the morning, before the disquieting news had arrived by a cablegram which had caused huge excitement in Cloughaneely. It was lying now on the table amid the pretty things which Madam had been admiring. Octavia had a conviction that Poppa would decide to choose the second-class and go home at once. He would tell her to stay, but she was not going to stay. She might have to consent to follow if Poppa insisted. There was Deane to be picked up. At present she was enjoying a prolonged holiday at home in Suffolk, more prolonged than the good woman desired, she being somewhat perturbed as to what was happening to her lady in the wild half-savage Irish country of which Deane had the vaguest knowledge; and that not much to its credit.

It seemed a long time to Madam while Miss Sweeney was away. The little silver and tortoise-shell clock ticked close to her on the table. She was able to watch the hands as they moved; they seemed to move very slowly.

She drank her tea—delicious tea. She did not get so good at Clew. She tried to read the paper—it was the *London Times* a day old, and Madam had little interest in the *Times*. She had tasted a volume of poetry. It was by a new poet, W. H. Davies, deft and witty and delicious, like the song of a thrush. Poetry usually

held her. At the moment this failed of its charm. It was for gayer, simpler moments.

Her heart was ill at ease. The smell of the late lilies seemed to hang about her despite Miss Sweeney's excellent eau-de-Cologne. She took another book—"The Widow in the Bye-Street," and read a verse or two. Intolerable! It hurt her like a blow on the heart.

The handle of the door turned. Someone looked in, half withdrew, and then entered: it was Miss Horan.

"I beg your pardon, Madam McGrady," she said, making as though to go again. "I saw Miss Sweeney go out. Christina went home an hour ago. Her mother has a new baby and Christina goes home to help every morning. Miss Sweeney is very kind in letting her go."

Madam did not notice that Miss Horan's face wore a scared look. The look had deepened when she caught sight of Madam lying on the sofa.

"Please come in," said Madam. "Please do. It is a long while since I have seen you, Miss Horan. I do not often now get as far as the village."

"Indeed it's good for sore eyes to see you," Miss Horan said, the color coming and going in her cheeks. "You're sure I sha'n't be disturbing you, Madam McGrady? You wouldn't be liking a nice little sleep now, would you?"

"Oh, indeed, I should not sleep. How strong the smell of your lilies is! It comes in even here."

"You can't walk in the garden but what you get the pollen on your hands and your dress," said Miss Horan. "But the smell oughtn't to come in here. Maybe there's a pot of them somewhere."

She looked about and could find nothing.

"I don't like the smell of lilies," Madam said. "It is like death."

"It is because they do be putting them on the dead people," Miss Horan said. "It is a pity for the poor flowers. I'd rather be thinking of them myself like a flock of young angels going up to heaven. As for the smell, sure, 'tis like incense, it is!"

"So it is," said Madam dreamily. "Sit down now for a while and talk to me, Miss Horan. It is because the lilies were in bloom the time Cecilia was drowned that I notice them so much."

"I remember. And herself the tallest, whitest lily of them all. Too good for earth. Isn't she blooming in the garden of God?"

She sat down beside Madam and began to talk of the children when they were little. The children had run in and out of the post-office and had been regaled on apples and fizzy lemonade; they had been delighted with Miss Horan's old-fashioned things. Cecilia had sat at the ancient piano, its high back filled in with fluted sun-rays of faded crimson silk, and her head had been as golden as the pollen of the lilies. "It was like Saint Cecilia, she was," said Miss Horan. Brian and Tony had been up to their tricks and had dressed themselves in the garments Miss Horan's mother had worn when she was young; had come downstairs in short-waisted muslin frocks, Tony with a tippet, Brian wearing a beaver hat. Miss Horan, according to her own account, had almost died with laughing; and John had come back from his absorption in Miss Horan's old-fashioned books to smile the comfortable babyish smile of John in his little days. There was also the never-to-be-forgotten day when Master Brian and Master Roderick had come down the street sitting on the backs of the Widow Leary's cows, while the owner of the cows

shrieked behind them, alternately entreating and denouncing, while the boys spurred on their queer chargers.

Miss Horan's reminiscences flowed on about the children. They extended back to John's first breeching and his being brought in to be shown to Miss Horan.

"He looked like a fairy-child that day," Miss Horan said. "The look of it's not gone out of his eyes yet. We'll soon be having him home, Madam?"

She glanced sideways at Madam furtively. Madam was not looking at her. The memories of the children were all about her, innocent and happy memories, over which she could smile, wet-eyed.

"Mr. Sweeney won't be staying much longer," Miss Horan went on. "It will be lonely when Miss Sweeney is gone out of it. We didn't miss him so much. He's pleasant and kind, but he was always about the country looking in on this one or another. He loved to sit down by a fire, if it was no more than a handful o' green wood that would make your eyes water, and to be telling stories of old days."

"Are you sure?" Madam asked, looking up in consternation. "Miss Sweeney has not talked of going. I should miss her indeed." It rushed over Madam's mind how very much she would miss Octavia. "Now that John's away from me I don't know that there's anyone, except my husband, of course, who does as much for me and understands so much as Miss Sweeney."

She said it as though she made an amazing discovery.

"Mr. John will soon be coming home to you," Miss Horan said again with a sudden glibness. The cottage was dark, despite the rich July sunshine outside, so Madam did not observe the oddity of Miss Horan's glance at her.

"I am expecting to hear every day that he is coming. His quarantine is all but over. To be sure, he has been in association with the others. The doctors think it wise to be careful—even over-careful. The island is practically free of the disease. There will be a good deal of distress next winter, besides the new graves. The harvest is very poor."

"Sure I never knew the day it wasn't poor on the Islands. The potatoes are a short crop too. I wonder they weren't all blighted. If the Islands were to have a good harvest like other places they'd maybe be forgetting that this world was only a waiting-room for heaven, and a troublesome one at that."

Wonderful how the time passed now that Madam had company! The talk went on from one thing to another like the rippling of a quiet stream. In the little world of the post-office Miss Horan had listened and observed. She talked of one and another, some dead, some gone to America, others gone out of it and lost. It was like a saga to hear her village tales. She herself had two sisters nuns, one in India, one in California. That fact alone gave her an outlook wider than most people can have, setting her between two hemispheres. From time to time there come from these far distant places messengers bearing gifts to Miss Horan and Cloughaneely. A new altar-cloth for "the Chapel," a vestment, strange preserves of fruits and sweets. These latter had been lavished on Madam's children in the days that were over.

There was a tale to tell of Kate Rooney, the poor little schoolmistress at Spanish Cove, who was not long dead, leaving a new-born baby on her death-bed. She had bidden her husband to marry again, but choose someone who would be careful of him and the child. But the child had pined for

its mother and died; and Michael Rooney had been on the eve of marrying a showy good-for-nothing girl, who had been to Dublin and come back wearing spats on her shoes and dresses which to the mind of Cloughaneely were indecent; and everyone had said that nothing but evil could come of such a marriage. Then Mike Rooney, a fine, straight, upstanding fellow, had been found dead in his bed one morning. The doctors said rupture of the aorta; but Cloughaneely knew better than that. *Kate had come for him.* She had always been fonder of him than he deserved. She wasn't going to let him fall into Maggie Spellisey's hands. Bridget Roche had met her ghost walking from the churchyard one morning in a thick mist of rain.

The door opened as the story concluded and Miss Sweeney came in. Wonderful how the time had flown!

(To be continued.)

"Well," said Madam, the spot of color coming and going in her cheek, "Did you see John?"

"No. I saw Dr. Verschoyle. Your son is convalescent, Madam. He is doing very well, but you will not see him for six weeks yet. There are no further cases, and his was very light."

"You are telling me the truth," said Madam. "John is not dead?"

"God forbid!" Miss Sweeney answered, with an intensity which made Miss Horan stare at her. "He lives. They would not tell us till they knew if it was going to be life or death. It is life, thank God. I don't see how I should stand facing you, Madam, if it wasn't true."

"I believe you," Madam said, with her hand to her head. "It would kill me if anything were to happen to John. I should know by your eyes if he was in danger."

A POET-STATESMAN'S MESSAGE FOR TODAY.

There are two kinds of statesmanship. An eminent statesman may be an eminent opportunist. He may have ready insight into the superficial signs of the times and, knowing how much his countrymen at the moment will, or will not, do and bear, he can adroitly trim his sails to suit the prevailing wind, and at least scud before it to the nearest harbor. But a truly great statesman is a great prophet. He studies the needs of his country and his generation rather than their wants. He has as keen a discernment of the nation's faults as of its excellences, and he judges well concerning the present because he has studied the past and can, like a prophet, anticipate the future. Not that in the old popular sense of prophecy he can

predict exactly what is going to happen—a gift not granted to mortals and in itself either idle or mischievous—but because he perceives with unerring insight under what conditions alone the highest hopes of the present can be realized and its imminent dangers overcome. Very few poets indeed have been also statesmen—they might perhaps be numbered on the fingers of one hand. But in so far as the poet has ever been able to give political guidance, it has been in virtue of his insight as a prophet. His mastery of eternal principles has enabled him to shed light upon the passing problems of the hour.

Such men were Dante, Milton, and Wordsworth. The last-named of these uttered a century ago messages the

echoes of which are strangely re-awaking around us at this moment. It is interesting—in the old days it would have been incredible—to find from an officer's letters from the front in Flanders that the copies of Wordsworth in the camp library are in constant request. And no less practised a publicist than Mr. A. V. Dicey has quite recently published through the Clarendon Press, an Essay on "The Statesmanship of Wordsworth," which is sure to prove attractive to lovers of the poet, but which ought to be read by those whose thoughts are completely engrossed by the national and international problems of the hour. The writer of this note had an opportunity not long ago (July, 1916) of drawing attention in this Review to the patriotic spirit of Wordsworth, and there is no need to enlarge further on that subject. But a man may be a patriot without being a statesman, especially in the highest sense of the word. Has so visionary a writer as the recluse of Lakeland a hundred years ago any messages which men skilled in "practical politics" would do well to take to heart in this fourth—and it may be hoped, last—year of world-shaking war?

Wordsworth, in the spirit of the old Hebrew prophets, denounced in no measured terms the faults of the country he loved so well. He knew and honored her as "a bulwark for the cause of men." He felt for her "as a lover or a child." He found it perfect bliss "to tread the grass of England once again," and rejoiced over the waves breaking on the chalky shore of Kent that "all, all are English." But it was in the same month of the year 1802 that he recognized the sense in which this beloved land was "a fen of stagnant waters," grieving that "the wealthiest man among us is the best," and mourning over the disappearance of "the homely

beauty of the good old cause," of "plain living and high thinking," and "pure religion breathing household laws." If he were living today he would certainly make his voice heard as a *vates sacer* of the magnificent spirit of our citizen army and of the anxious or bereaved wives and mothers at home. He would commend in the England of today—what he himself so nobly illustrated when there were few to stand by his side—the spirit of resolute defense of liberty and righteousness without any mean, or spiteful, or malicious feeling towards an unscrupulous and barbarous enemy. But he would not hesitate to point out our national dislike of discipline and our proneness to national self-righteousness. Wordsworth expressed himself as afraid lest "the flood of British freedom, this most famous stream, in bogs and sands should perish," and his love for his country shone out quite as plainly in his bracing words of rebuke, when he sought to "wean his country's heart from its emasculating food," as in his loftiest eulogies of his own beloved land,

Risen like one man, to combat in the sight

Of a just God for liberty and right.

Wordsworth was essentially the poet of democracy and of nationalism—two hard-worked and much abused words in these days. Those who would understand what either "democracy" or "nationalism" ought to mean as an ideal would do well to study Wordsworth. To begin with, he was no "politician," no party-man. Mr. Dicey says truly that he was "neither a Whig nor a Tory," but that he became "an original thinker who at the height of his powers had thought out a social and political doctrine of his own." It was no ordinary feat to remain true to the sacred cause of human freedom from 1791 to

1815, that is to say (1) before the French Revolution, (2) during its exultations and triumphs, (3) through its agonies during the Reign of Terror, (4) when Britain allied itself with autocrats against a people struggling to be free, (5) when that people, fascinated by military glory, became untrue to its own high ideals, and (6) when Napoleon was overthrown and reaction set in throughout Europe. Wordsworth was not a republican or an advocate of any political program. He knew well that democracy is not a form of government, and that a demagogue is not a true democrat. But it needed a steady head when the map of Europe was rapidly being altered in the second decade of the nineteenth century to stand unswervingly by the cause of freedom and maintain as an ideal the government of the people, by the people, for the people—the aims of such “people” themselves being maintained in harmony with the freedom and self-government of other peoples, and with the great moral and spiritual order of the world.

Similarly it will need a steady head to preserve such ideals unsullied and unalloyed during the closing phases of the present war, the settlement of terms of peace and the period of reconstruction ensuing. There is no historical study which can shed more light upon the tremendous problems now being raised than that to which Wordsworth's “Prelude” and “Poems dedicated to Independence and Liberty” introduce us. Mazzini was the prophet of Nationalism in Europe for many years, but Wordsworth had been before him in proclaiming the rights of all nations, great and small, “to associate freely without obstacles, without foreign domination,” in order to express each its own national idea, and live its own characteristic life. But he perceived the dangers that

were sure to arise through encouraging a spirit of “nationalism,” uninstructed, unregulated and unrestrained. In his later days he even became apprehensive of national autonomy and progress. He opposed Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill of 1832. But this may be attributed to the conservatism and timidity of advancing age. It is in the poems which belong to the first decade of the nineteenth century that the true Wordsworth is to be sought, and his characteristic message to this generation is to be found. Problems will arise before the next decade has passed—some of them affecting international relations in Europe, especially its Eastern portion, and others affecting the deepest interior life of nations—which could not have been anticipated by the poet. Yet it is hardly too much to say that the principles which will suffice to solve most, if not all of them, are to be found in their purest form in the verses of this poet-statesman when he was between thirty and forty years of age.

Perhaps the most striking feature of Wordsworth's message to his own times and indirectly to ours is the indomitable resolution which he seeks to infuse into the national spirit and the invincible hope with which he rallies his countrymen to cope with the direst difficulties. It is indeed not easy for us fully to appreciate the tremendous dangers against which our country had to contend in the later years of the Napoleonic wars and the comparative scantiness of its resources. But this later Milton will not bate a jot of heart or hope. In the sonnet beginning “Another year! another deadly blow!” which is dated November, 1806—that is, just after Jena—Wordsworth, like his “Happy Warrior,” exults in the inspiration which in extreme danger animates the brave. Are we left

alone, he asks, "the last that dare to struggle with the foe"? Is it true that "we must stand unpropped, or be laid low"? Such glorious peril is welcomed.

O dastard whom such foretaste doth
not cheer!

The position of the Allies today is far more favorable than that of our fathers, though it will be quite as necessary to steel our hearts as they did before our victory is wholly won. Wordsworth struck the right keynote. He indulged in no turgid declamation or labored invective against Napoleon, but no statesman in Europe had grasped more firmly than he the absolute necessity of his complete overthrow. There was great need in the days between Austerlitz and Waterloo of a leading voice to keep the nation true to duty, and to maintain a firm and high tone in our foreign policy. Wordsworth was the Tyrtæus of the hour. Well does Mr. Dicey say of his patriotic sonnets, "They are the finest war-songs ever composed by a patriot to stir up the valor and the nobility of his country; they might be termed the psalms of England, and like the Psalter, they combine penitence for past errors with confidence in final victory, based on the belief in the final triumph of righteousness."

Wordsworth preached hope when there was every material reason for despair. In two sonnets, written in 1811 and published in 1815, he contrasts "the power of armies as a visible thing," with the illimitable power, "which a brave people into light can bring, or hide at will, for freedom combating." The Britain of that day proved his own bold words to be true—"no craft this subtle element can bind." His trumpet-blast summoning all to confidence and hope, even in the worst moment of evil days, is well known:

Hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven
lays,
For its own honor, on man's suffering
heart.

But such hope can only be maintained when it is rooted in faith, and faith is precisely the element that is too often lacking in nations, when the last breaking strain of severe conflict comes. Wordsworth appealed to the nation's belief in that "virtuous liberty," of which England has so often in past days been the stalwart and sometimes the sole champion. Today we are far from being alone; in a sense the world is on our side. But the foe is tough, tenacious, subtle, and unscrupulous. During the next period of the war, until America can make her power felt, a similar burden will be laid on this country to that which she had to bear in the last century, not for ten months, but for ten years, in resisting an apparently invincible foe. One reads and re-reads with indescribable emotion Wordsworth's thrilling appeals, now that Europe, once again bleeding at every pore, supplies a new commentary upon them.

If he were alive today the poet might make an even more effective appeal to the moral and spiritual energies of the nation which a hundred years ago almost alone resisted Napoleon and contributed so largely to his overthrow. In the present war, whether we regard its origin, the method in which it has been conducted by the enemy, or the vast issues at stake, we find even stronger proofs of the righteousness of our cause and the imperative need of victory in the interests of freedom for the world, than our ancestors had a century ago. Germany and her satellites have been piling one evidence upon another to prove to an incredulous world how far shameless disregard of honor and the employment of vile

and barbarous war devices can go, and what the victory of such a cause would mean for all the nations of the world. If there ever was an internecine conflict between brute force aided by science, military skill, and chicanery on the one hand against honor, law, good faith, and freedom on the other, it is that in which the nations are now engaged. If the present is not literally a battle between the powers of good and evil it very nearly approaches one. That does not imply, of course, that the States represented by the Allies are good and their opponents evil. In such a world as ours they fight best for the cause of righteousness who contend in no spirit of Pharisaism, but conscious of their own errors and failures and sins. The righteous cause ennoble those who uphold it. And as Wordsworth's appeal for the fulfilment of the *duty* of hope—he himself italicized the word—rested upon the fact that England, whatever its faults, had committed to her the cause of Liberty as a sacred trust, so he would assuredly appeal, with even increased moral force today.

The fate of Belgium and Serbia, of Poland and Armenia, of Russia for the next half century, of the Southern Slavs, Montenegro, Albania, and Greece—to go no farther for the moment—still trembles in the balance. Many in this country have so accustomed themselves to rely upon a final victory for the Allies, that they have hardly contemplated what a victory for Germany would mean, or that kind of stalemate which would imply a virtual victory for the Central

The London Quarterly Review.

Powers. If democracy gains the upper hand decisively in the last rounds of this fearful contest the peace of the world will, humanly speaking, be assured for the twentieth century, perhaps for a far longer period. If autoocracy and militarism are not overthrown, and no punishment is inflicted for the crimes against humanity of the last three years, civilization will have been thrown back for centuries, and freedom can only be recovered after struggles too dreadful to contemplate.

We anticipate no such calamities. But the resolute note which Wordsworth struck in the critical years after the armistice of Amiens needs to be sounded still. High ideals are only too easily lost sight of, especially amidst the squalor and abominations, the cruelties and horrors of modern war. Only victory can free the nobler Germany, which for half a century has been possessed by the demon of Prussianism. "Make me strong and I will make you rich," was the form in which the militaristic devil has been tempting a fine and gifted people for three generations. This kind of evil spirit is not easily driven out. But exorcism has begun, and the work must be finished if the world is to be at peace. Those who would help to expel it must admit neither the spirit of hatred nor of self-righteousness. And they will do well amidst inevitable war-weariness to refresh themselves by listening to the strains of one of the few men in history who had the right to speak to his countrymen both as a great poet and as a resolute and far-seeing statesman.

W. T. Davison.

FROM AN IRISH NOTEBOOK.

Are poets gentle? . . .

England and Ireland should befriends,
as it were behind the backs of politi-

cians, by reason of their kindred landscapes. The characters of the lesser country do but gently outdo those

of the greater. Are hedgerows and small fields distinctively English, the Continent knowing little of them? Fields are smaller in Ireland, and hedgerows more conspicuous, climbing little banks and carrying their flowers and blackberries aloft. Are our skies low, the soft cloud stooping as though it would walk the world? Lower are the Irish skies; they fly like swallows before rain. Is England green? A little greener yet is pastoral Ireland. And English deciduous trees would be the chief giants of Europe if the trees of Ireland did not overtop them. Thus there is an understanding, a league of landscape against the rest of the world, the greater part of Scotland being as manifestly excluded as France, America, or the East.

The hedgerow alone should be enough for a very covenant of friendship between the two pastoral islands. One has but to travel the vague and strange lands of northern France in order to value this incident of the fields. Italy needs no hedges, for she has not, in the sense familiar to us, fields. But French fields lack hedges, so do the dismal lands above Düsseldorf, or thereabouts. Who was it who first made the hedgerows of these happier lands? The business of history has been so much occupied (to use the Scriptural phrase) with the dynasties and families, weddings and begettings, of kings, that she has had no leisure to tell us who he was, and in what age he lived, who opened the doors of the sweet country to us by making gates to close. A country without boundaries might as well be shut once for all; and doors are invitations. The wood has a hundred doors, the field maybe but two, that make us guests of its charming house of entertainment.

Who, even in full summer, would ask for hospitality from the unfenced fields of France? To sit down in

them would be a grotesque action. What, no background for our solitude, no leaves near our heads, no curtain, no chair, no state, nothing ensconced? and if we would make a throne, happier than Constance's, of the earth, no canopy thereto? all houseless, and no inclosure of the sky? not so much as a cloud that we can call our own? That is very well for mountains and the libertine mood of a climber, but not for the order of docile workaday rambling. Even the long walls of Cumberland pastures are better than no fences at all and the uncertain lands. Whosoever planted the English and Irish hedges made a thousand thousand sequestered intimacies between man and his fields, closing, comforting, secluding, cherishing, confiding to him all wild flowers and berries.

And as to the low skies, how friendly together should not those countries of the earth be which are both so much of the earth as to have low skies—which are, that is, so little like the moon! In the March weather of California the acute prosaic lights and the sharp shadows, with little perceptible atmosphere to carry the light and dark and mingle them entangled with atoms, may remind us of the yet harder and even less dreamy, less gentle landscape of the desiccated moon. But our two islands breathe, respire and exhale the humid lighted air, and the Atlantic brings them clouds of the same shape, and the names of the winds have in English and Irish ears the same significance. Scotland, in this, shares with the two; but then how different are low clouds caught and torn upon the pointed Highland hills, and low clouds volleying across the tender Irish fields! Besides, there is no need, in regard to England and Scotland, of our peacemaker of climate.

It was with this thought of an alliance and sympathy of rain-cloud and pasture that we drove over rough

and smooth to a gentle hill looking round the horizon to five ranges of mountains; and there stood the ruin that was Spenser's castle of Kilconan. It seemed to stand up in opposition to that inarticulate treaty. Twelve years of rule in this tower of tyranny have left memories more perdurable than any committed to books.

It is the small keep of a shattered fortress; a castle that had belonged to the Desmonds, and had been given over, by a brief method of conveyance, to Edmund Spenser. It was by means of fortresses, plenty of fortresses, that Ireland, by his counsels, was to be subdued. The road gradually disappeared in grass; there was but one cottage in sight (a cottage with a few goats and as many children moving about its door); and as we climbed the hill we met the cottager. If he could read, it is probable that his father, and certain that his grandfather, could not; but he inherited history from them, and memories of Spenser. Courteously, however, seeing us to be strangers and compatriots of the tyrant, he felt his footing in conversation, and would say no more than that Spenser thereabouts was not well liked; neither he, added the cottager, nor Sir Walter Raleigh, who visited him in yonder tower when it was a stronghold.

If the fields and the colors of England and Ireland are alike, the complexion of the landscape and the division of the fields alike, different are the ruins. In England ruins are given over to gardeners; we have all passed their little iron turnstiles; we have spared their grass and footed their gravel, dry-shod. But ruins in Ireland are steeped in nettles and dew. Nowhere is

The darneled garden of unheeded death

deeper in the desolation of our humid latitudes; not the desolation of drought

nor that of slender random vegetation, but that of great trees, weeds breast-high, and unsunny greenery. In the eyes of the Irish people the ruin of the priory carries unlapsed the ancient consecration, and they bury the recent dead where no bell sounds, in narrow clearings of the melancholy flowers.

But the memories of Kilconan are unconsecrated. There indeed the *Faerie Queene* was in chief part written; a window in the shattered keep looks as though it might have lighted, high above the noise of the hall, those numerous pages. Here were the *Amoretti* turned; and the stanzas of the *Epithalamion* take their burden—
That all the woods shall answer, and
their echo ring—

from this prospect, then tall with forest trees and bright with a lake. It is the country Spenser soothed in his verse, and wasted by famine in his politics. The still windowed fragment of a tower saw other literature than the *Faerie Queene*. Here he and Raleigh made ready their recommendation of the means whereby the country should be brought low. A shepherd he calls himself, shepherd keeping his flocks "amongst the coolly shade" of the Mulla's banks, and thither the sound of his pipe drew to him a guest whom he splendidly names "the Shepherd of the Ocean." Fresh from his flocks of waters, this visitant, Raleigh, found him there, piped to his singing, and anon sang to his piping. Poet to poet handed the sweet instrument by turns, and tuned his own throat. And the two men—men they were, though it is hard to find the men between the nobility of poetry and the pitilessness of politics, between the pastoral trick and the ferocity of government, between the shepherds and the men of office—these two men "charmed the oaten pipe," and by and by consulted together to another purpose, thus:

"Those four garrisons (counsels Spenser) issuing forth, at such convenient times as they shall have intelligence or espiall upon the enemy, will so drive him from one side to another, and tennis him amongst them, that he shall finde nowhere safe to keep his creete in, nor hide himselfe, but flying from the fire shall fall into the water, that in short time his creete, which is his chiefe sustenance, shall be wasted with preying, or killed with driving, or starved for want of pasture in the woods, and he himself brought so low that he shall have no heart nor ability to endure his wretchednesse . . . for one winter well followed upon him will so plucke him on his knees, that he will never be able to stand up againe. . . . For it is not with Ireland as with other countryes, where the warres flame most in summer, and the helmets glister brightest in the fairest sunshine (hear the poet!), but in Ireland the winter yeldeth best services, for then the trees are bare and naked which use both to cloath and house the kerne; the ground is cold and wet which useth to be his bedding; the air is sharp and bitter to blowe through his naked sides and legges; the kyne are without milke which useth to be his only food, neither if he kill them will they yeeld him flesh; besides, being all with calfe, they will, through much chasing and driving, cast all their calves, and lose their milke, which should relieve him the next summer. . . . He shall want milke and shortly want life. Therefore if they be well followed but one winter, you shall have little worke with them the next summer. . . . The proof whereof I saw sufficiently exampled in the late warres of Mounster. . . . Out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legges could not beare them; they looked like

anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eate the dead carriages, yea and one another soone after, in so much as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves . . . that in short space there were none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddainely left void of man and beast; yet surely in that warre there perished not many by the sword, but all by extremitie of famine."

Through that wide and lovely country with its cloudy but clear horizon, its sombre but not gloomy climate—the purest skyline left by industrialism in Europe, albeit the sky is so low that it hardly climbs the hills; toward the Waterford mountains to the east, toward the Ballyhowra heights to the north, or, as Spenser calls them, Mountains of Mole; southward away to the Nagle hills, and westward to those of Kerry; following the River Mulla with his careful eye, commanding the farthest distance and the lightsome outline of Killarney mountains, the poet measured the way, and, as it were, lay in wait for the men that were to die, and for the cattle that were to drop.

Mulla mine, whose waves
I often taught to weep.

Spenser is here ambiguous; the sorrow he "taught" these wild waters was evidently something other than the "pathetic fallacy" of his verse. Nevertheless let me add that he confesses pity, and so, too, does his counselor "Eudoxius," who is Raleigh the Shepherd of the Ocean. For the south country of Ireland, before havoc and famine befell, had shown them examples of its beauty, "beside the soyle it selfe most fertile, fit to yealde all kinde of fruit that shall be committed thereunto. And lastly the heavens most mild and temperate." "A sweet

country," he calls it, "being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes." If any prince were absolute lord of that land, with its woods, commodious for ship-building, writes the poet, bent on utility to, and favor from, his sovereign, that prince would soon hope to master all the seas, and ere long the world. Spenser, by the way, could be also just in judgment: "It is a great wonder," he writes, "to see the odds which is between the zeal of Popish priests and the Ministers of the Gospel, for they spare not to come out of Spain, Rome, and from Remes, by long toil and dangerous traveling hither where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw the people unto the Church of Rome; whereas some of our idle Ministers, having a way for credit and destination thereby opened unto them without pains and without perils, will, neither for the same, nor for any love of God, nor for any good they may do, be drawn forth from their warm nests to look out unto God's harvest."

The author, in 1836, of certain imaginary conversations at Cambridge (not Landor, nor like him) muses thus under the window of Spenser's room: "Pembroke has undergone so few alterations during the last three hundred years that the rooms once occupied by the noblest and purest spirit that ever hallowed the walls, are still in existence." It is in like manner that Thackeray called our good and beloved Charles Lamb "Saint Charles." These are the rash words of people who do not know the Saints of Calendars.

The woods now are fewer than in Spenser's day, whether or not they were sent, as he hoped, down to the sea in ships; the lake has so sunken as to leave no more than a trace under

the castled hill. From Spenser's report we receive the impression of a multitude tragically great, here as in "Mounster." Famine is the great effectual weapon against numbers; numbers are the food of hunger; it brings each man to equal anguish with his neighbor, so as to forestall human pity and to prevent reciprocal succor; and the numbers were there, naked mankind in the naked woods. There is no multitude now: there are no more cries, if there are no songs. The south of Ireland altogether looks like a vast free farm with feeding flocks of geese and goats. Bleak is the hamlet, the cottage has no paved garden-path, no little close for flowers, no little croft for fruit. Gray are the streets, the churches of the Gothic as Horace Walpole understood it.

Nevertheless the Irish countryman and countrywoman have a sweetness of thought and word strange to the English ear. The present writer's sister records that, sketching lambs and sheep in the fields one day, and aware of an old woman looking over her shoulder, she said to her, "Well, those creatures, at any rate, are happy." The woman replied, "And why wouldn't they?—without sin." And an Irish cook, in English employment in London, having weekly dealings with a boy-pedlar at the railings, was asked about the boy and his condition, and his wares. The cook answered that she was interested in him because he had "a noble brow." These people have spiritual minds, and their popular songs have, like the Scottish and the Border ballads, the principle of poetry. That the greatest and most purely poetic literature in the world should rise from the ranks of the English people whose popular ballads are bald, blank, common, altogether without fancy, mystery, or beauty, raises an unanswerable question.

Less by the village or the farm, then,

are England and Ireland to be allied than by the fields. But the solitude of that landscape is a human misfortune, and all too significant of evil past and actual. "No part of all that realme shal be able to dare to quinch," says Spenser. Something must depend upon the meaning we may choose to attribute to the act of quincing. The view from Kilconan Castle suggests that such quincing as may have been attempted did not prosper. But he who recommended the defeat of southern Ireland by famine fled from some partial quincing after twelve years of his governing. The Dublin Times.

ment, leaving this castle in flames. And it was long thought that the baby of a poet, the child of the bride of the Epithalamion, was burned to ashes in its cradle in this tower of memories. But it is impossible to find a date for the birth of this infant among the years allotted to Spenser's children. There seems to be no room. Was the story imagined as a suggestion of retaliation on the man who gave the children of the country to die by famine? The little shabby tower that looked out upon many wandering griefs, did not contain this one, most helpless, and imprisoned.

Alice Meynell.

CHANGEMENT DE SECTEUR.

All day a steady drizzle had been falling, and all day and for many days train-loads of men and material had rattled and bumped up the slope past the little village in the hills. And now it was eight o'clock and, although the height of summer, it was dusk; here and there lights shone out from windows on to the road and here and there the "volets" were already closed for the night.

Away in the distance another heavy train came laboring up the slope, and I quickened my pace past the last of the houses and down the little road which connects the village and the station, for I had an object at last. Watching the trains go by is one of the many of our childhood's pastimes to which we have returned in these strange days of war.

As I reached the fork the rear engine of the train clanked by and I saw for an instant by the light of its open fire-box a knot of women standing beside the iron gate which barred the road. And then, as the train receded, I heard voices.

"Mon Dieu," said one, "on n'voit p'us d'tout. J'm'en vais."

"Moi, j'vas rester encore un peu. . . . On n'sait jamais, tu sais. I' doit bientôt passer, et si j'y suis pas—"

"Moi, j'ai p'us de force. Je m'en vais souper en tout cas—" Slowly I approached the little group, curious yet diffident, for this was no ordinary evening gossip. "Alors, tu viens pas, Berthe?" continued the same voice. "Non, je reste. . . . On n'sait jamais—"

"Moi aussi, je reste," said a third voice, and a fourth; and a fifth, an old and high-pitched voice, added: "B'en sûr que j'y reste—. And all night if necessary. . . . With two sons killed and one prisoner là-bas—naturally one wishes to see one's last one. Mais, bon Dieu de bon Dieu, que c'est long . . . que c'est long. . . ."

"Au 'voir, alors," said the first speaker.

"Au revoir, Mathilde." And footsteps squelched up the lane and past me. Silence fell again, and, loth to

intrude, with a muttered "Pardon" and "Bon soir, Mesdames," I passed through the little wicket and across the lines.

They were six. An old woman and a younger stood together under a large umbrella. On the gate leaned another old woman, gazing at nothing. "Bon Dieu," she said, at intervals, "Bon Dieu." A younger woman sheltered a baby under the black knitted shawl which covered her head and shoulders. The baby slept, but mechanically she still swayed her body to and fro. Facing her were two other women with shawls, their hands hidden beneath their aprons. They said nothing. There was nothing to say: nothing to do but to wait. To wait and watch for that fleeting moment which would dangle before them, and as quickly snatch away, their husbands and their sons.

For they were sure to pass. It was common knowledge in the village, and even we strangers had heard of it. The earlier trains had said so—all the—th Army Corps was on the move, on its way to the great attack which was now almost hourly expected; much of it had already gone; and sometime—tonight, or tomorrow, or perhaps the next day—it would be the turn of the—th regiment of infantry, *les gens de par-ici*.

"It is your husband that you are waiting to see, Madame?" I asked the woman with the baby.

"Oui, Monsieur, mon mari."

"Perhaps he will be in this train."

"Perhaps. On ne sait jamais," and she hitched her burden up a little in her arms.

"I, it's my son—caporal qu'il est," began the old woman who had been leaning on the gate, laying a veined and wrinkled hand on my arm. "Caporal mitrailleur," she shouted, but the toiling engine appearing round the

curve drowned her quavering voice in noise.

And then the train was upon us. The crooked brown fingers tightened on my arm as the first trucks clattered by. Carts, field-kitchens, baggage-wagons, water-carts—all the varied impedimenta of an infantry battalion. Behind, a long line of cattle trucks; some were dark and one saw little but the pale faces of men crowded at the sliding doors; others showed a flickering yellow candle-light and a few had liberally-pierced tins of glowing coke swinging at the door or standing in the middle of the truck. Over these braziers men bent, heating food. Cries and gusts of laughter came out at us; sometimes arms waved and were whisked away and shouts of greeting blew back to us, but we were seen by few. It was obviously not our train.

A sentry slouched past us in the mist, the hood of his long loose "capuchon" over his bent head, and his rifle slung on his back. It was sad work patrolling the lines, and he was old—these were his last days as a soldier. Deep in his own thoughts, he passed us without a sign. I turned from watching him to Berthe, the woman with the child. But the "permissions," they were frequent now for the French? Yes, they were good—every six months at least. And when was he last home? Oh, it was nearly five months now. "Oh, well," I cried without thinking, "a few days more and—" I checked myself abruptly, realizing, but it was too late. I saw her glance at my brassard and read her thought. I was not of the infantry.

"It is to be a great attack, Monsieur," was all she said. My gaze dropped before hers.

"C'est vrai," I could only murmur; "C'est vrai. . . ."

It was nearly time for the next train. Every ten minutes or quarter of an hour they passed, a seemingly

endless procession, winding up through the hills and down across the plain to the East—the East where, high up, the sky winked and flickered silently.

Down towards us came a train, and we stepped back from the line to avoid it. It ran swiftly and smoothly down the hill, passing us in a blaze of light—or so it seemed to our unaccustomed eyes. Nobody was at the windows, but now and again we caught glimpses of figures moving about the corridors and of little beds against the walls in tiers.

"Les blessés!" One of the women seemed to shiver slightly. The others drew their shawls a little closer about them.

"Five trains since this afternoon. Five—les Anglais."

"Ah! They suffer also, the English," said the old woman. "Quel malheur de guerre. . . ."

"Le voilà!" An engine had whistled in the distance. Then, nearer, it whistled again, and a minute later only the curve hid it from us.

We had spread ourselves out a little, instinctively—"pour mieux voir," they said; but one was more alone, too, like that.

A few tense seconds and the train reached us. What regiment, what regiment? Yes! It was the —th. But which battalion?

The doors were filled with shouting, gesticulating figures, and it was difficult to get an answer. Men, craning out, yelled unintelligible messages; some threw letters at us, and were swept away roaring back instructions; others scanned our faces intently and passed on expressionless—we were not whom they sought.

It was not our battalion, but the men were plainly from these parts. Truck after truck rolled by, the sides decorated with branches, and adorned with brave boasts and rude caricatures in chalk, just visible in the dark. I

thrilled with the excitement, and, catching something of the spirit, waved and shouted back. It was amazing; it was a revelation to me—I who had grown to mock at the idea of enthusiasm after three years of war. It was more like a train-load of school-boys off for the holidays than—than what it was.

So absorbed had I become that I forgot my companions until the last wagon had passed, and with a sound that was half-sob and half-laugh one of them said, "Ten minutes more." We joined again at the crossing gate.

"Ah! les braves gars!" A woman wiped her eyes and sniffed. "Ils ont du courage."

"The next train, they say, for certain——"

"—Et Mathilde!" said someone suddenly. We looked at one another in silence. Mathilde, who had waited in the rain all day, and had just gone home——

Berthe averted her eyes. "I daren't," she whispered, looking down the line.

"Nor I. Ten minutes only—it's too far."

"Yes, too far. . . . La pauvre Mathilde."

"Where does she live?" I asked, turning to the gate. It was the least I could do; and, having received directions, I plunged clumsily into the slippery lane.

The last trucks were passing as we threw ourselves, exhausted, against the iron gate; Mathilde's breath came in heaving sobs, for she had led the last terrible hundred yards.

Even as we arrived, a blue-coated figure gave a mighty shout. "Hé! Mathilde!"

She stretched out her arm towards him, tears streaming down her face. "François!" she called; but he was gone.

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu! I couldn't see him," she said brokenly. "I was

crying so. But I was there. . . . I was there. . . ."

Berthe, bent over her child, was crying too. The pair under the umbrella was already turning homeward with arms closely linked, talking in an undertone. The two young women followed them, separately, with a word of cheer to the old woman who stood apart, her vigil not yet ended. Then Berthe and Mathilde, together, and we were left alone. . . .

The rain had begun again, a steady drizzle, falling silently all around us. I peered at my watch. It was after
The Westminster Gazette.

nine and I should be indoors, but I was reluctant to go. One more train I would see, at any rate. The minutes passed slowly.

At last it came, but with it no machine-gunners. Les mitrailleurs? They had not passed already? They were following, then—all the regiment was together. Soon—sometime, anyway. . . .

But I could stay no longer.

"Bon soir, Madame," I said gently.

"And good courage."

"Bon soir, Monsieur, et merci."

And turning from the gate, I left her.

GERMAN PLANS FOR THE NEXT WAR.

(By a Correspondent formerly in Berlin.)

On September 24 a short account, derived from a German review, was given in *The Times* of a small book called "Deductions from the World War," which had just been published by Lieutenant-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven, who was Quartermaster-General in the field when Falkenhayn was Chief of the General Staff, and is now stationed in Berlin as Deputy-Chief of the General Staff. After delays, due to the German censorship, Freytag's book has now reached England, and a remarkably interesting work it is.

As has already been observed. General von Freytag passes as a "moderate" among the Prussian militarists. He is a master of military history, a writer of great clearness, and he is far from being a typical Pan-German, or even a Bernhardi. He represents, indeed, the best of Prussian Militarism. Consequently we have every reason to be grateful for his somewhat unexpected illumination, at this stage of the war, of German military opinion and militarist plans.

Much of the book is technical, and will be appreciated only by professional soldiers, but the argument culminates in a chapter called "Still Ready for War," which shows how the most intelligent German soldiers utterly reject all idea of pacifism or internationalism, and look to the further expansion of German military strength. General von Freytag argues that Germany had not nearly adequate armaments before the war, and that, "in view of the central geographical position of the Fatherland, larger expenditure for the land army, in addition to the necessary expenditure for the Fleet, was unconditionally required." He assumes that in future, and in spite of all difficulties, Germany will recognize that "facts are facts." How is the Army to be expanded? Obviously by following the course which, as Freytag says, Germany was pursuing immediately before the war—training a larger proportion of the men liable for military service. Freytag says:

We shall have to continue to pursue this road in future, quite apart from

the necessary increase of garrison artillery and technical troops. Moreover, when the number of those who have fought in the great war has fallen away, we shall have to aim at subjecting at least to a cursory training the men of military age who are at first rejected, but who in the course of the war have turned out to be fit for service so that when war breaks out they may form a generous source of reserves. Only so can we arrive at a real peoples' army, in which everyone has gone through the school of the standing army.

Freytag says there can be no reduction of the two years'—for some arms three years'—service. He attaches value to the various schemes for training boys and for turning sport to military account, but says that these things cannot provide any substitute for "real schooling in soldiering." He proceeds:

It may be asked what is the use of all this? Will not the general exhaustion of Europe after the world-conflagration of a certainty put the danger of a new war, to begin with, in the background, and does not this terrible murder of peoples point inevitably to the necessity of disarmament to pave the way to permanent peace? The reply to that is that nobody can undertake to guarantee a long period of peace, and that a lasting peace is guaranteed only by strong armaments. . . . Moreover, world power is inconceivable, without striving for expression of power in the world, and consequently for sea power. But that involves the constant existence of a large number of points of friction. Hence arises the necessity for adequate armaments on land and on sea.

It will be observed that the Deputy-Chief of the German General Staff insists upon a continuing German thirst for sea power. In another passage he says:

The world-war affords incontrovertible proof that Germany must for all

time to come maintain her claim to sea power. We need not at present discuss by what means this aim is to be achieved.

Freytag goes on to declare emphatically that the reason why Germany enjoyed peace for so long before the present war was not the strength of the movements for "fraternization of the peoples" and the many "fine speeches," but solely "the power of the German sword, which could not display its true strength until the war broke out." Freytag expects that agreements intended to banish war will be concluded between States, but he observes that all such agreements are "after all only treaties"—he might have written "only scraps of paper." He cannot believe in "a realization of true pacifist ideals"; he hopes that the world-war will have rid the Germans once for all of "confused cosmopolitan sentimentalism"; and he concludes:

In the future, as in the past, the German people will have to seek firm cohesion in its glorious Army and in its be-laureled young Fleet.

There is a little special abuse for the United States:

The fact that precisely the President of the United States of North America has advocated the brotherhood of the peoples surely ought to frighten us. America's behavior in the war has shown that pacifism, as represented in America, is only business pacifism, and so at bottom nothing else than crass materialism. This truth is not altered by the fact that it is wrapped in a hazy garment of idealism and so seeks to hide its real meaning from the innocent. Nor is the truth altered by the appeal to democratic tendencies, for precisely this war is showing that those who at present hold power in the great democracies have risked in irresponsible fashion the future of the peoples entrusted to their leadership.

Interesting are Freytag's observations on the peculiarly economic character of the war. He lays stress upon the fact that the Germans were so absorbed in their own wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870 that they never learned what there was to learn from the American War of Secession. Hence their disappointments about the blockade when their original plan to crush France had failed. Freytag says:

The consequences of the blockade to which the Central Powers were subjected showed themselves at once. Although we succeeded in developing our war economies by our own strength, yet the unfavorable state of the world-economic situation has throughout the whole war been felt by us. That alone explains why our enemies found ever fresh possibilities of resistance, because the sea stood open to them, and why victories which would once have been absolutely decisive, and the conquest of whole kingdoms, did not bring us nearer to peace.

But, in a passage which is worth a good many other pages of the book put together, Freytag observes that Germany's enemies failed to take full advantage of the possibilities of the blockade. He says:

Our enemies only gradually perceived the true situation. The operations which they had begun extracted only little by little the full advantage of the world-economic situation, which was favorable to them and unfavorable to us; they did so only when they met with unexpected powers of resistance in the Central Powers.

There are some interesting references to the spirit of the various armies. The Austrians are only mentioned once or twice in the book, and then with a patronage verging on contempt. Freytag once says outright that "the Germans were on several occasions threatened with the prospect of the Austro-Hungarian Army being de-

feated utterly by the far superior Russians."

As regards the Germans, Freytag says that "the want of officers made itself felt in an extraordinary way after the original heavy losses in the autumn of 1914, and otherwise brave men occasionally failed when their leaders were taken away by enemy bullets." He declares that the German Army has a traditional contempt of danger such as belongs to no other "people's army," but in this, as in all other matters, he insists upon the inestimable value of discipline and training, such as can be obtained only under a system of avowed and determined militarism. (Freytag throughout talks proudly of "the spirit of German militarism," and there is in his book none of the usual German hypocrisy on the subject.) In an interesting passage he says:

All of us, leaders as well as men, have human weaknesses, and assuredly not all German soldiers are heroes by nature. But it is precisely in this—in the fact that the weak are carried along with the strong—that the educative force of this fight for the existence of Germany displays itself. The weak could not do otherwise than strive to be heroes. Reverses, such as were occasionally inevitable in this long and tremendous war, have doubtless had a temporarily depressing effect upon the troops, and, after efforts and a consumption of nerve power such as previous wars did not know, there has sometimes been a yearning for rest. But even in the third year of war the war-fire did not merely smoulder, but always burst out afresh in flame. In Transylvania and Roumania and in East Galicia in 1917 the troops showed a vigor which was not finer in the first days of the war. The charm of victory enabled them to defy all the difficulties of ground and all the evils of the weather. They would, indeed, have been no people's army, linked to the home country by a

thousand threads, if the desire had not existed for the conclusion of the long war, which demanded ever fresh sacrifices, and if a calmer feeling had not taken the place of the enthusiasm of the first months. But it was just such a feeling that was necessary for the accomplishment of such gigantic achievements in the West and in the East. What was wanted was not enthusiasm, but the living heroic sense of duty in the German soldier.

The chapter on "The Technical Developments of the War" contains little that is new, but there are interesting passages on aircraft and air raids. After remarking that aeroplanes have acquired a superiority over airships in land warfare, Freytag says:

The Zeppelins are extraordinarily sensitive. They have to keep at considerable heights, because they provide very large targets. This reduces the accuracy with which they can aim bombs. They also need a large expenditure of labor and materials, and they have to be housed in sheds. The brilliant invention of Count Zeppelin provided a weapon which, especially at the beginning of the war, was of great moral importance, and was also of indisputable value, because with the Zeppelin we got over to England; but in this sphere also the large fighting aeroplane has taken its place. . . . Aviation obviously has a great future. Its possibilities of development are numerous.

As regards air raids Freytag is free from any considerable measure of hypocrisy. He says:

Unfortified places of no military importance have had to suffer. The bombardment of these places is in itself objectionable, but the limits of what is permissible are in this matter in many ways elastic. A new weapon opens up its own paths, as is shown, for example, by the submarine war. In any case, in this struggle of the peoples with its economic background, the

war is turned more and more against the enemy countries, and the principle hitherto accepted that war is made only against the armed power of the enemy is in this as in other spheres relegated to the background.

Freytag's chapter on "Leadership" is in many respects interesting. Having admitted the failure at the Marne, he discusses various aspects of the trench warfare, and he examines the German substitution of "breaks through" for the classical German strategy of outflanking. He argues that the Germans could never outflank the Russians, because of the enormous area of the country and of the length of front, which was so great that even a smashing blow at one wing did not affect other sectors. As to "breaks through" Freytag makes remarks which are interesting in view of the present campaign in Italy. He says:

The preliminary condition of success was always the moral and tactical superiority on the side of the attacker, and a corresponding violence of mass effect. The fact (Freytag makes only one casual reference to Verdun in the whole course of his book) that we did not possess this moral and tactical superiority in sufficient measure in the West has always relegated to the background the idea of breaking through the enemy front. What has to be done is not only on a comparatively limited front to break in upon the enemy with concentrated masses—these masses will immediately be exposed to outflanking on both sides—but to force in a more or less considerable part of the enemy front and then to develop strategically the break-through which has succeeded tactically. The extent of the success will in every case depend upon the local conditions and the strategic situation.

Throughout, the lesson which Freytag is most concerned to teach is that the new experience does not displace, but must be grafted on to, old knowledge. He repeatedly declares that the

importance of outflanking strategy has not been affected by the lessons of the war; what Germany must try to do is to obtain by "policy" a better starting-point for her future wars. The following passage may be taken as Freytag's real "deduction from the world war":

If, as we hope, policy succeeds in future in preventing the recurrence of such a menacing situation, or at any rate in producing the effect that we

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shall have greater freedom for violent and decisive blows in one direction, then the war will take a different shape and will be more like former wars. Our business, therefore, is to maintain the fundamental ideas of war as they lived in the German Army up to the year 1914, to soak them in the experiences of the present war, and to make the fullest technical use of these experiences—but to do all this without giving an entirely new direction to our thinking on strategy and tactics.

TO AMERICA, ON HER FIRST SONS FALLEN IN THE GREAT WAR.

Now you are one with us, you know our
tears,
Those tears of pride and pain so fast
to flow;
You too have sipped the first strange
draught of woe;
You too have tasted of our hopes and
fears;
Sister across the ocean, stretch your
hand,
Must we not love you more, who learn
to understand?

There are new graves in France, new
quiet graves;
The first-fruit of a Nation great and
free,
Full of rich fire of life and chivalry,
Lie quietly, though tide of battle
laves
Above them: sister, sister, see our
tears,
We mourn with you, who know so well
the bitter years.

The Spectator.

Now do you watch with us; your pain
of loss
Lit by a wondrous glow of love and
power
That flowers, star-like at the darkest
hour
Lighting the eternal message of the
Cross;
They gain their life who lose it, earth
shall rise
Anew and cleansed, because of life's
great sacrifice.

And that great band of souls your dead
have met,
Who saved the world in centuries past
and gone,
Shall find new comrades in their
valiant throng;
O, Nation's heart that cannot e'er
forget,
Is not death but the door to life begun
To those who hear far Heaven cry
"Well done!"

E. M. Walker.

WHAT A PREMATURE PEACE WOULD MEAN.

Germany's present position curiously
resembles that of Prussia in 1866.
In 1914, as in 1866, the Hohenzollern

State went to war with a number of
States. In going to war the German
monarch and statesmen knew that

they risked the existence of the State and of the dynasty. Still they were once more ready to risk all for all in view of the immensity of the advantages which a victory would bring to them. The victory of 1866 doubled the population under the sway of William the First and more than doubled Prussia's armed strength and wealth. It raised Prussia to the rank of a real Great Power, and gave her the predominance in Europe. The War of 1914, if successful, would far more than double the population governed from Berlin and would give Germany the predominance throughout the world. These were gigantic stakes. It was worth while risking once more all for all.

Austria-Hungary has become Germany's vassal, and Bulgaria and Turkey have become vassals of the Central Empires. These four States have together a population of about 150,000,000 and for all practical purposes they form now a single political unit absolutely controlled from Berlin. By merely preserving the *status quo* before the War, and without allowing for Germany's vastly improved strategic position by her domination of the point where three continents meet, that country would have more than doubled her population and armed strength. It must be obvious to all that if peace were now concluded re-establishing the *status quo ante bellum*, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey would not be able to recover their independence. They would remain Germany's vassals politically, militarily, and economically. It follows that a drawn war would considerably more than double Germany's strength. If on the other hand the Central Powers should be victorious and retain their conquests and dictate a peace, Germany would no doubt keep the lion's share. She would retain part of Eastern France and

Belgium, containing together perhaps 10,000,000 inhabitants, and her annexations in the East would increase her population still further. If Germany should take the Baltic Provinces of Russia and Poland and attach these to herself, her population would be increased from 67,000,000 to about 100,000,000. As Belgium and Poland are the two most important industrial centers outside Germany on the Continent of Europe, Germany's economic power and wealth would be more than doubled. Poland, Belgium, and Eastern France are exceedingly rich in coal and iron which furnish weapons of war and munitions of every kind.

Possibly Germany would, as Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and other German statesmen have repeatedly declared, re-establish the independence of Belgium and Poland under vaguely mentioned "guarantees," which would safeguard Germany from another "aggression" on the part of her rapacious neighbors. The nature of these "guarantees" has been made known to the world through numerous indiscretions of leading Germans who have outlined them in detail. The most authorized description of these guarantees is contained in the remarkable disclosures made by Mr. Gerard, the late American Ambassador in Berlin. He has stated in his book:

From the time when Chancellor Hollweg first spoke of peace, I had asked him and others what the peace terms of Germany were. I could never get anyone to state any definite terms of peace. On several occasions when I asked the Chancellor whether Germany were willing to withdraw from Belgium he always said, "Yes, but with guarantees." Finally, in January, 1917, when he was again talking of peace, I said:

"What are these peace terms to which you refer continually? Will you allow me to ask a few questions as to specific terms of peace? First,

are the Germans willing to withdraw from Belgium?"

The Chancellor answered: "Yes, but with guarantees."

I said: "What are these guarantees?"

He replied: "We must possibly have the forts of Liège and Namur. We must have other forts and garrisons throughout Belgium. We must have possession of the railroad lines. We must have possession of the ports and other means of communication. The Belgians will not be allowed to maintain an army, but we must be allowed to retain a large army in Belgium. We must have commercial control of Belgium."

I said: "I don't see that you have left much for the Belgians excepting that King Albert will have the right to reside at Brussels with a guard of honor."

And the Chancellor answered: "We cannot allow Belgium to be an outpost (*Vorwerk*) of England."

"I do not suppose the English on the other hand wish it to become an outpost of Germany," I returned, "especially as Tirpitz said the coast of Flanders should be retained in order to make war on England and America."

I then asked: "How about Northern France?"

"We are willing to leave Northern France," the Chancellor responded; "but there must be a rectification of the frontier."

"How about the Eastern frontier?" I asked him.

"We must have a very substantial rectification of our frontier."

"How about Roumania?"

"We shall leave Bulgaria to deal with Roumania."

"How about Serbia?"

"A very small Serbia might be allowed to exist, but that question is for Austria. Austria must be left to do what she wishes to Italy and we must have indemnities from all the countries and all our ships and colonies back."

Of course "rectification of the frontier" is a polite term for annexation.

The nature of the "guarantees" demanded by Germany appears clear-

ly from the Chancellor's own words.

Before the War Germany had 67,000,000 inhabitants, and the four States of the Central Alliance had together about 150,000,000 people. By attaching to Germany Belgium, Poland, the Baltic Provinces, and certain French territories Germany's population would be increased to about 100,000,000. Austria-Hungary, if victorious, would probably acquire the Ukraine and parts of Roumania and of Serbia which would increase the population of the Dual Monarchy to about 80,000,000. The population of Turkey and Bulgaria combined would, by the territories they claim, be increased to at least 40,000,000. The population of the four States would then be increased to at least 220,000,000 and these would be absolutely dominated by Germany.

A greatly aggrandized Germany would not merely control her three vassal States, but would also endeavor to attach to herself the smaller States around the gigantic new composite State, in accordance with the views and desires which have been expressed by many of the most prominent Germans. Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland would be the first to fall under Germany's sway. A victorious war would therefore not merely double the population and wealth at the disposal of Berlin, as did the war of 1866, but would more than treble Germany's subjects and armed strength.

The crude system of increasing the number of one's subjects by the annexation of independent States is completely out of date. One can have the identical result by incorporating States which nominally retain their independence. Bismarck's action in 1866 and the German system of *Kartells* have furnished valuable precedents. In 1866 the Prussian Government doubled the population under its sway while preserving the nominal independence of the minor German

States. After a victory in the present War Germany might respect the nominal independence of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey, who now stand in the same relation to Germany in which Bavaria, Württemberg and Baden stand to Prussia, and she might in addition maintain the nominal independence of Belgium and Poland as well. The latter countries would probably be given even less real independence than is enjoyed by the "independent" States of Brunswick and Oldenburg. Germany's present rulers share the view which Bismarck expressed in his dispatch of the 9th of July 1866, that the full control of nominally independent States is as valuable as their absolute possession.

To all who think clearly it must be obvious that a peace which would re-establish the *ante-bellum* frontiers would firmly establish a greater Germany of more than 150,000,000 people, while a peace concluded on the basis of a German victory would create a connected State under Germany's control the population of which would be at least 220,000,000. Germany would dominate the world.

J. Ellis Barker.

VIENNA AS IT IS TODAY.

(From a Correspondent lately returned from Vienna.)

The Austrian capital has always had the reputation of being one of the gayest and most light-hearted cities in Europe, and it has not entirely changed its character even now, but to the keen observer there are many curious and interesting differences which show how deeply the stupendous war has affected it. The question which touches the whole population, from the highest to the lowest, most nearly is that of the food supply. The state of semi-starvation at which the poorer classes have now arrived has come on so gradually, and has been marked by such distinct stages, that they have almost come to regard it as natural, and have ceased to wonder at it. They suffer most severely from lack of fat in every form. Almost every afternoon, outside the large markets, from four o'clock onwards, one can see crowds, consisting chiefly of women and children but with elderly men and boys too, gathering round the entrances; by about ten o'clock in the evening they may be counted by hundreds. These people lie, sit, or stand out on the pavement the whole night, waiting

for the lard or bacon which is sold at seven or eight next morning. Each person receives six deagram (about an eighth of a pound), and, as a rule, the supply is so limited that only the first-comers get any; those who only take up their places after nine in the evening come too late.

The bread with which the people are supplied has gone through many stages; there was a time when it was made almost entirely of maize flour; then the maize gave out, and barley was chiefly used; since April of this year it has consisted chiefly of bran, horse-chestnuts, and dried beans, with a small percentage of musty flour. Each person gets 18 deagram (about 6 oz.), and the control is very strict. This amount is quite insufficient for the working classes, since they have nothing else to take its place; potatoes were hardly ever to be seen; dried peas, beans, lentils, rice, and sago have long since disappeared from general consumption; vegetables are scarce and enormously dear, and meat is only to be obtained at high prices and after long waiting. The principal

articles of food for the people are a coarse kind of sausage, lights, horse-flesh, such odds and ends of vegetables as they can manage to get hold of, and their portion of bread and flour or oatmeal. Coffee is no longer sold. One can only get the "war mixture," which consists of burnt barley, sugar, and a little inferior coffee or chicory. For real coffee, which can sometimes be got irregularly, people pay as much as 80 kronen (about £3. 10s.) a kilogram (2 lb.). Milk is very scarce, and kept chiefly for children and sick persons; butter is strictly rationed—six dekagram a week for each person; eggs are almost unobtainable, and one gladly gives 7d. for one; and ham has disappeared from view since before Easter. Tea costs anything from 40 to 80 kronen a kilogram (a crown is about 10d.), and one can only get 5 dekagram at a time. Boiled sweets, which to some extent take the place of sugar, are sold in small quantities once or twice a week, and people stand in long queues several hours to obtain them.

For a tin of salmon which I saw here the other day marked at 10½d. one pays 24 kronen (exactly £1), wine and beer are made only in small quantities, and have become very dear. At the restaurants a very small quantity of beer is sold once a day, either for dinner or supper. As soon as the "Piccolo" (the small boy who brings the drinks and clears the tables) makes his appearance there is a general rush for the coveted refreshments; he is relieved of most of his burden before he can reach the end of the room; the unscrupulous thirsty drink off their portions at one draught, hide the glasses under the table, and demand a second. I have seen as many as five glasses stowed away under a table. Of course liberal tips play an important part in impairing the Piccolo's memory.

Business, politics, even the war

have almost ceased to be discussed much in public; the great and burning topic in the trams, in the cafés, in the streets, everywhere where people come together, is the price of food, which shops still have supplies of this or that, which restaurants give the largest portions, when and where soap, candles, chocolate, petroleum, or other much-coveted articles can be obtained.

Every kind of clothing has become enormously dear, and not only clothing but all the little necessities of daily life in connection with clothes. Elastic containing real india-rubber is almost unobtainable—for the last piece I bought I paid at the rate of 8s. a meter; a pair of shoe laces costs a shilling, a reel of sewing cotton about the same; all linen goods are so dear that two ladies of my acquaintance have been wearing their own dining-room curtains made up into costumes. They were of good Liberty linen, a little faded by the sun, but after being dyed they were as good as new, and cost less than half the price now asked for linen of very inferior quality. Ladies can only buy one pair of stockings at a time; woolen dress materials cost anything from £1 to £4 a meter; cottons are somewhat cheaper, but the supply is very limited. For men's clothes there are, as yet, no cards as in Germany, but it is difficult to obtain a sufficient supply of anything. Most of the children of the working classes are wearing wooden sandals, for the soling of a pair of shoes costs about £1, and genuine leather can only be obtained from the military authorities.

In spite of the high prices, there never was greater luxury in dress in Vienna than during the last two years. Many fortunes have been made, so that the wives and daughters of these *nouveaux riches* are resplendent in garments of finished elegance, furs, jewels, dainty shoes and stockings, and costly laces; many of them literally carry a

fortune about on their persons. Although soap is so expensive and difficult to get there were never so many white toilettes to be seen as last summer; women, girls, and children even of the simpler classes were exquisitely dressed, mostly in spotless white. There are several reasons given for this intensified luxury in dress; one is that the taxes after the war will be so heavy that the people feel it would be of no use to try and save; money in any form would be taken from them, so they prefer to invest it now in something which will remain in their possession; also, the prices rise so rapidly that everyone is anxious to secure all he can before things become quite unattainable. Another reason is that many persons earn more now than they have ever done before. It is more difficult to travel. France, that country so dear to the hearts of most well-to-do Austrians, is closed to them (although French fashions manage to find their way into Vienna). Therefore money flows freely inside the country.

At the beginning of the war there was a great movement in favor of the "simple life"; people resolved to attend theaters and concerts less, and to content themselves with domestic entertainments. But Vienna is accustomed to amusing itself, and the cry was soon raised, "What is to become of actors and artists generally if there are fewer amusements?" This cry met with a ready response, and with a sigh of relief the city went back to its old habits. The theaters were crowded, concerts as well attended as ever; only the music halls suffered considerably, since they could get few foreign attractions. Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays are still given at the Burg Theater, or were till the present director was appointed, and "Milestones" and "Charley's Aunt" still enjoy great popularity. Artists in general hold themselves aloof from war questions,

and take the standpoint that art is international. There are, however, some exceptions, such as the popular director Felix Weingartner. This gentleman has distinguished himself by violent anti-British proclivities, and he is one of the ninety-three "intellectuals" who have signed a compact to give no concerts either in England or America till at least five years after the war.

In the "kinos" (kinemas) the special films, taken by permission of the Commander-in-Chief, have familiarized the public with every phase and incident of the great struggle. We have been shown scenes from every front; we saw the men at work in the trenches, the bursting of bombs, the convoys of Russian prisoners, the distribution of food, the diving of submarine boats, the men at work inside them, the mounting of aeroplanes, conflicts in the air, the quartering of troops, the difficulties of transporting guns in the Dolomites, the Emperor decorating his men, the funeral of the old monarch, Franz Josef, the coronation of the present one in Budapest, innumerable pictures of Hindenburg, Mackensen, the Archduke Frederick, and other commanders. No kino performance is ever given without some of these war pictures, and they have done quite as much to keep up the interest of the public in the progress of the war as the newspaper reports.

When Roumania joined in the war the Austrian public experienced an unpleasant shock. That it would do so sooner or later was inevitable, but no one imagined the moment was so near. There were curious business complications in consequence of it. A certain insurance company in Vienna had been asked to insure freights of grain to the value of three million kronen. As the sum was so high the company hesitated, and only consented to issue the policy after anxious negotiation with the

Home and Foreign Offices. The company was in daily correspondence with both departments, and received the assurance that the political horizon was clear. Twenty-four hours after the policy had been signed the news of the outbreak of war between Roumania and the Central Powers was published in all the newspapers, and the grain was still in Roumanian waters. The feelings of the insurance company can be imagined!

Great indignation was felt at the fact that the Austrian Government had paid for large quantities of wheat which were never delivered. The gold had been sent to Bucharest, but war was declared in the meantime, so the grain never arrived. The German

The Manchester Guardian.

Government sent its money only to the frontier and declined to part with it till the corn was actually in its possession.

The abuse which had in turn been heaped on the Russian, French, English, and Italian Governments, was mild in comparison with that bestowed upon Roumania, although even that has by now somewhat subsided. The average Austrian is a lukewarm politician, and troubles himself little about the doings of his Government. He admits that the system leaves much to be desired, but has no very strong feeling for political liberty; his chief object in life is to avoid "disagreeables" of any kind and to have as good a time as possible.

WARTIME FINANCE.

(The colossal expenditures of the war, and the pressing problems which confront the different Governments and the financiers and business interests of the different countries are of so profound national concern that THE LIVING AGE proposes to print for the present, from week to week, a department specially devoted to their consideration.—Editor of THE LIVING AGE).

FINDING THE MONEY.

There are increasing indications of a spirit of revolt against the short-sighted finance which pays for so small a portion of the war cost out of revenue and leaves so much to borrowing. As we showed in the *Economist* of August 4th last, in reviewing the finance of the first three years of the war, the proportion of war cost paid out of revenue has been less than 20 per cent, as compared with 47 per cent in the Napoleonic War. The consequences of this system are evident. As Mr. Herbert Samuel pointed out in the debate following Mr. Bonar Law's recent performance on the Vote of Credit, "each six months the war continues will mean that for many years to come we shall have to raise, for the payment of debt incurred in that period alone,

a sum equal to the whole yield of the income tax and the super tax before the war." The unpleasantness of the prospects before us if our war finance is continued on its present lines is sinking even into the minds of those whom war taxation hits hardest, and we are not without hope that the City may induce or compel our financial rulers to mend their methods.

In the meantime, efforts are being made in the same direction by the leaders of Labor organizations. A pamphlet on the Conscription of Riches lately issued by the War Emergency Workers' National Committee states that this Committee, "in common with the Trades Union Congress, the Labor party, and the Industrial Triple Alliance, demands that a definite conscription of riches

should be substituted for the raising of more money on loan." To achieve this end, this pamphlet describes "three practical methods of conscripting wealth":

1. A capital tax, on the lines of the present death duties, which are graduated from nothing (on estates under £300, and legacies under £20) up to about 20 per cent (on very large estates left as legacies to strangers).

If a "death duty" at the existing rates were now levied simultaneously on every person in the kingdom possessing over £300 wealth (every person might be legally deemed to have died, and to be his own heir), it might yield to the Chancellor of the Exchequer about £900,000,000. It would be necessary to offer a discount for payment in cash; and in order to avoid simultaneous forced sales to accept, in lieu of cash, securities at a valuation; and to take mortgages on land.

2. Income tax and super tax, now varying from nothing in the pound (on incomes under £131; or under £231 with four children under 16) up to about 8s 3¼d in the pound on incomes of £100,000. Along with this must be counted the excess profits tax of 80 per cent of all excess over the business profits of 1914, and the mineral rights duty of an additional shilling in the pound on mining royalties.

The income tax and super tax (if amended and regraded, so as to remedy present injustices) might well be doubled in yield, so as to "confiscate" annually an additional £150,000,000, almost entirely from the (estimated) 70,000 family incomes in excess of £1,000.

3. A third plan is that of the Bill which Mr. W. C. Anderson, M.P., has been, for over a year, vainly trying to bring before the House of Commons, for the sequestration, until further notice, of all unearned incomes. Under this plan all rents, interest, dividends, annuities, and annual payments for mortgages (apart from interest credited on savings bank and co-operative

society accounts) would cease to be payable to the present recipients, and would be payable only to the Public Trustee, for transfer to the Exchequer. In this way all "unearned incomes" would be temporarily confiscated. It would be necessary for the Public Trustee to provide subsistence allowances for persons hitherto living on unearned incomes, and unable to obtain work at wages; and it is proposed that these subsistence allowances (after providing for all existing legal charges, moral claims, and even customary subscriptions to charities continuing to be met) should be at the same rates as the pay of the several ranks in the Army, from private to field marshal.

These proposals do not show a very close acquaintance with the practical facts of finance. To raise £900,000,000 by a capital tax would be something if it could be done, but the Committee has to acknowledge that the Government would have to take securities at a valuation in order to avoid simultaneous forced sales. This is obviously true, since, if all property owners were trying to realize property at once, it is clear that there will be no market to absorb their sales. But if all those subject to this form of conscription were to exercise this option, the Government would find itself possessed not of £900,000,000 to be spent upon the war, but of £900,000,000 worth of securities, from which it would in future derive a revenue of perhaps 45 or 50 millions. The third plan, by which the Government would seize until further notice all unearned incomes, obviously involves very great administrative difficulties, and the throwing of an enormous amount of work upon a Department which, like all others, is undermanned and overworked. Moreover, both these first and third plans suffer from the objection of being aimed solely at the owners of accumulated wealth; and so carry with them the bad economic

effect of discouraging that accumulation, which is only another word for refraining from spending, on which economic progress depends in time of peace, and from which alone war can be financed. The effects of the mere mooted suggestions of a capital tax are already apparent: people of all classes are saying, "What is the use of keeping money for the Government to take away?" and they are spending their money on things that they ought to be ashamed to buy at such a crisis, stimulated in extravagance by crude and inequitable fiscal proposals. The second plan, for amending and re-grading of the income tax and super tax so as to remedy present injustices, and then raising 150 millions by doubling them, is at least free from some of the injustices and difficulties involved by the first and third. Income, after all, is ultimately the only source from which taxation can be got, and equitably imposed income tax, applied to all classes of society, is the fairest and soundest method of raising money for the war. Much might be done in other directions, such as the long overdue increase in postal charges, for checking extravagances and setting free labor which is now used in carrying unnecessary letters and still more unnecessary circulars about the country. But to get a large revenue and to ration the buying power of the people, as will have to be done, it is clear that immediate reform of income tax and super tax is required, so that full use can be made of this great fiscal weapon. A suggestion was lately made in the House of Lords by Lord St. Davids that the Government, "simply from a desire to unite the country in the prosecution of the war," should "take the whole of the excess profits." This proposal had already been made by Lord Rhondda, and it is interesting that two distinguished capitalists and business men should advocate this

thorough-going suggestion. Nevertheless, we doubt whether it is, under present circumstances, likely to be economically effective. In the *Economist* of June 23d we published a letter signed by "Scottish Manufacturers," in which they stated that owing to the excess profits tax of 80 per cent, they felt that there was "no inducement" to undertake a transaction involving an outlay of £500 because their profit on it would be reduced by war taxation to £38. With such a spirit among our manufacturers, or some of them, it seems likely that if all excess profits were taken production might be seriously checked. By bad finance our successive War Governments have encouraged all classes in the view that war should bring profits with it, and so a bad spirit is abroad, which makes good finance difficult.

The Economist.

AN EFFECTIVE CAMPAIGN.

When the full details come over by mail of the response to the great Liberty Loan, we are convinced it will be found that there have been two outstanding features attending the issue, one being the wide area over which the subscriptions have been spread, and the other the perfection of the organization which has rendered the flotation possible and has secured participation by such huge numbers. "Perhaps," said our Washington Correspondent, "the most gratifying feature in connection with the loan is its wide distribution. It is known that eight million individual subscriptions have been received, and it would not be surprising if, when the final returns are in, it should be found that the total reaches ten millions, a somewhat impressive figure, which ought to be proof to Germany that the hearts of the American people are in this war, and that they are offering their money

as freely as their lives to destroy the mad beast of Europe." Our Correspondent also referred to the extreme effectiveness of the advertising campaign on behalf of the loan.

Now we suggest that in this country, if the system of continuous daily borrowing is to be successful in financing the war to its conclusion, the publicity campaign will have to be quickly arranged on the same vigorous lines as those which have been pursued in the United States. On more than one occasion we have suggested that many of our best speakers in Parliament might be better employed at the present time in explaining to the community its great responsibilities with regard to the financing of the war, even than in their daily attendances at Westminster. We venture to think that if some party contest were on at the present time we should have our Parliamentarians electrifying the country with torrents of eloquence, designed to show that this and that party was the only one which could ensure the safety and welfare of the country! Why, then, when there are issues infinitely more important at stake than

The London Post.

the winning of seats for a particular party, cannot this same eloquence be outpoured to greater practical purpose in explaining to the people of this country just what is required from them in the way of personal effort, both in economy and the applying of its proceeds to the purchase of War Bonds, so that the power of civilian effort may be as great as that which is displayed by our fighting forces? Ever since the war commenced, this task of appealing to the community in the matter of War Loans has been left far too completely to the Press of the country, without the support which should have been forthcoming from public speakers throughout the country. Although the United States has only been in the war some few months, American citizens have been insistently reminded from pulpit and from platform of the duty and responsibility resting upon them, and the result is seen not only in the magnificent subscriptions to the last Liberty Loan, but, as is always the case when sacrifice and self-denial are called for, in an ever-increasing enthusiasm for the cause of the war itself.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "The Wanderers" Mary Johnston with her unusual gift for interweaving history and romance has produced a story which is an interesting study of the development of the differences, both physical and spiritual, between men and women. Miss Johnston starts from the time when practically the only difference lay in the fact that women "made" children and men could not. From this period in aboriginal history, she develops her theme to the present day of many and perplexing differences, choosing for her settings those times and places

in history which best suit her purpose. Miss Johnston has shown a clear knowledge of the scientific side of her subject combined with the skill to make her characters living beings and the action of the story strongly dramatic. Houghton Mifflin Co.

"Familiar Ways" by Margaret Sherwood is a book of short essays in praise of the virtue of familiarity, that familiarity which does not breed contempt but is the particular quality which makes the dearness and sweetness of all common things. Thees says

entitled "House Cleaning," "The Vegetable Self," "A Sabbatical Year," "The Final Packing" are particularly charming, one for the love of home which it inspires, another for its sense of restfulness and still another for its humor and the last for the message of hope that, in one way or another, all the world is awaiting. Moments of pause from the strife of the world and a return to common things are so essential to sanity that many will turn with eagerness and delight to "Familiar Ways," written with the same delicacy of touch and charm of style shown by Miss Sherwood in her other books. Little, Brown & Co.

If the world doesn't gather up the sunshine along its way, doesn't leap to its best and happiest ideals, the blame cannot be laid to the door of Orison Swett Marden; he has been preaching the golden gospel for, lo, these many years. His latest book, "How to Get What You Want" is teeming with the same cheerful sermonizing. Beside the essay that gives the title, there are ten others; "Playing the Glad Game," "Discouragement a Disease," "The Force That Moves Mountains" and, after a group of similar topics, a deeply reverential one on "How to Find God." Mr. Marden's English has the old buoyancy and resonance; but his grammar has decidedly improved in his late volumes. His English was never so nearly correct. A smiling picture of himself prefaces the volume. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

John Fox Jr. has a rare gift for seeing the romance in real life and making others see it with him. His sympathy is balanced by a sense of humor, and his optimism restrained by practical good sense, and one may laugh and cry unashamed, over the stories in his latest volume, "In Happy

Valley." As with so much of his earlier fiction, the scenes are laid in the Kentucky mountains, among the coke-ovens, in the two-roomed log-cabins, behind the moonshiners' still, at the mission-school, or in the open-air meeting house with blossoming rhododendrons for its walls, and against this primitive background these little dramas of love, hate, jealousy, forgiveness and self-devotion make an emotional appeal quite out of proportion to their length. Two of the stories—"The Goddess of Happy Valley" and "The Hope of the Big Sandy"—follow eager adventurers into the world of cities, and test the strength of their loyalty to the Valley; the two strongly-contrasted types of capable women who divide responsibility for the mission-school appear in "The Marquise of Queensberry" and "The Compact of Christopher"; "The Angel from Viper" is a whimsical study of boy nature; "The Courtship of Allaphair" and "The Battle Prayer of Parson Small" are amusing character sketches; "The Lord's Own Level" treats the most difficult problem of human relationship with delicacy and power; and "His Last Christmas Gift," in spite of its sadness, is one of the best Christmas stories ever written. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Sarah N. Cleghorn, who has made herself well known as a lyric poet with a profound appreciation of nature and a wistful comprehension of the gentler phases of love, has attempted in "Portraits and Protests" (Henry Holt & Co.) a rougher task, a sterner choice of subjects. In the center of the volume she offers a short collection of verses under the title "Of Country Places and the Simple Heart"—this is the Sarah N. Cleghorn one knows, singing beside her frozen rivers of Vermont, and the only change is in a clearer comprehension of life, a sweeter

melody. But the "protests" are strong. One on "The Survival of the Fittest" trumpets her disdain of man's philosophy:

"The unfit die: the fit both live and thrive."

Alas, who say so?—they who do survive.

So, when her bonfires lighted hill and plain,

Did Bloody Mary think on Lady Jane.

So Russia thought of Finland, while her heel

Fell heavier on the prostrate common weal.

So Booth of Lincoln thought: and so the High

Priest let Barabbas live and Jesus die.

It is a delight to yield one's self so completely to the story-teller's spell as one may when reading Phyllis Bottome's "The Second Fiddle." The opening chapters find Stella Waring—one of the three daughters of an enthusiastic Egyptologist to whom a precarious two hundred pounds a year seems a sufficient income—in a secretarial position in a London town hall; Marian Young, a girl of assured social position, beauty, and a marked talent for getting what she sets her heart on, betrothed to Sir Julian Verny, a high-spirited young explorer just back from the Arctic Circle; and Sir Julian on the point of offering his services to the War Department as secret agent. One guesses from the title what the outcome will be, but it is reached through devious ways, and after unexpected obstacles. Miss Bottome does not belong to the school of artists who can work only in neutral tints, and she allows us the satisfaction of cordial likes and dislikes. The intense feeling which dominates the relations of the leading characters—among whom must be counted Julian's mother, Lady Verny—is relieved by light comedy among the lesser figures,

and the shabby household of the Warings, whose mistress buys "quantities of little books to teach people how to live, how to develop the will, how to create a memory, and power through repose" is an amusing contrast to "the ease and velvet and bells" of Amberley. The Century Co.

Patient research and indomitable enthusiasm have gone to the making of Mary Newton Stanard's "Colonial Virginia, Its People and Customs," which the J. B. Lippincott Co. publishes in a limited edition, beautifully printed and fully illustrated. The book is not a history, in the ordinary, conventional sense; rather it is a painstaking compilation of the materials of history, the fruit, as the author explains, of explorations among colonial county records, old newspaper files, collections of family papers, old pamphlets, ancient books long out of print, and old magazines of local history. The author was the first to undertake these researches—in which her husband, William G. Stanard, Secretary of the Virginia Historical Society and Editor of the Virginia Magazine of History and Biography was able to give valuable assistance—and she has taken her data at first hand from original manuscripts or printed copies found in ancient publications. The result is a book far more vivid and personal than an ordinary history could be, because it depicts the sufferings, hardships and disappointments of the early colonists, not as viewed across the centuries, but as they seemed to those who experienced them. The value and the charm of the book are enhanced by nearly one hundred illustrations—portraits, views of quaint old houses, copies of old engravings, and pictures of antique furniture and decorations. The book is rich in personal and family details, to which a full Index furnishes a key.

The longing for beauty, for opportunity, for an unknown realm where aspiration may be gratified, is the key to the title of Winston Churchill's latest novel, "*The Dwelling Place of Light*." In both plot and background there is a strong suggestion of the great Lawrence strike, and its leading characters are Claude Ditmar, manager of a huge mill property and Janet Bumpus, one of his stenographers. The Bumpuses are of old New England stock, though Janet's father—lacking energy and initiative to fill such a place in the world as the forbears over whose genealogies he broods—is now a gatekeeper at one of the mills, and his family live on a street almost given over to foreigners. Janet herself is of the self-reliant, individualistic type, with an innate fastidiousness and refinement which supply the place of education. In striking contrast is her sister Lise, a cheap, showy girl, whose experiences are constantly running parallel to Janet's along a lower level. The seething life of the great city is pictured in painstaking detail, and the chapters on the strike are all the more effective, perhaps, because the writer does not bestow his sympathy definitely on either side. Indeed, his attitude from beginning to end is singularly non-committal and if the story has a "purpose," not every reader will discover it. Less discussion will be roused by this book than by some of its predecessors, but Mr. Churchill has written nothing of more sustained and varied interest. The pictures of Andover—thinly disguised as Silliston—and of the eccentric but charming author who buys one of its old houses and restores it by his own carpentry, will give special pleasure to many. The Macmillan Co.

Readers of Frances Wilson Huard's "*My Home in the Field of Honor*" will remember her story of her return

to her Château de Villiers, sixty miles northeast of Paris, after the great retreat, when she found it pillaged and polluted in every conceivable way by the German officers who had occupied it; and they will welcome and read with intense interest her second book, "*My Home in the Field of Mercy*" (George H. Doran Co.), in which she describes the transformation of the château into a hospital, in which she and her attendants ministered to scores of sick and wounded French soldiers. There was no form of service or manual labor in which she did not share, and all that she did for the men under her care met with a quick and grateful response. Her experiences were the most interesting because her wards were all of the peasant class, and she was brought more nearly to the heart of the French people through the opportunity which she had to study the men of whom she writes: "In all the long dreary months during which hundreds of these humble, uncouth peasants who ranged from eighteen to fifty years of age, came and went from my home; mid their sufferings and joys, I never heard a vulgar oath, an unkind word, and yet I knew that with us they felt they were under no restraint." Neither did she hear any boastful recital of personal experience, for, although many of them wore medals of honor, they never spoke of what they had done or seen. They were always light-hearted, always ready to sing at every opportunity, always confident of ultimate victory for their country. Madame Huard individualizes them with piquant personal details. Her narrative reaches a climax of interest in the closing chapters, in which she describes her journey to Soissons in quest of tobacco for her wards—a quest which brings her under German shell fire. There are twelve illustrations from exquisite drawings by the author's husband, Charles Huard.

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